The Bystander. No. 38. Vol. III. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24 1904

6d. "A Vital Point of Education" by MARIE CORELLI 6d.

THE BYSTANDER

6d. £2,000 INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS 6d.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers

(FOUNDED 1871.)

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LIMITED.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

* * *

Head Office: 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£2,000

Will be paid to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon-Insurance Ticket killed in an accident to Train, Omnibus, Tram-Car, or Cab, within the United Kingdom.

£1,000

To the holder of the Coupon.
In case of Total Disablement—
the Loss of Two Limbs.

£500

In case of Partial Disablement—
the Loss of One Limb

£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder. Or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle) the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz. : (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 23rd day of August, 1904, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 31st day of August, 1904.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance either direct to our Publisher, or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps, for registration, to

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. you receive THE BYSTANDER *weekly for 52 weeks and are insured as above*

And " " " " 14*s.* 1*d.* " " " " " " 26 " " " " " "

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached

ON THE BORDERS OF HEREFORDSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a Freehold Family RESIDENCE, situated in an exceedingly healthy district some 400ft. above sea level, known as Leintwardine House, Leintwardine, Herefordshire, containing: spacious hall, 30ft. by 10ft., drawing room, 21ft. by 17ft., overlooking the lawns and the valley of the Teme, dining room, 20ft. by 16ft., morning room, 21ft. by 17ft.; on the first floor, 8 bed and dressing rooms; on the second floor, 5 good bedrooms, bathrooms, etc. Stabling, 4 stalls and loose box, coach-house and harness room. Hunting with 4 packs of foxhounds, viz., the Ludlow, United, North Hereford, Radnorshire, and Otter hounds hunt the district. Trout fishing in Little Teme and Clun. Golf links at Bromfield, 6 miles distant.—Price, etc., apply L. H. I., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—To be LET or SOLD, modern Detached BUNGALOW RESIDENCE, pleasantly situated in bracing position, close to Golf Links, near good town, and within 2½ hours of London. Hall, lounge, 1 reception, and 5 bedrooms, attic, bath (h. and c.), and usual offices; pleasant garden. Rent £65 per annum. Price £1,300. Also for SALE, a Detached five-roomed, stone-built COTTAGE, with garden, next to the above. Price, £400.—Apply to DAVIS and CHAMPION, Estate Agents, Stroud, Glos.

SURREY.—Choice FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND for SALE, from £100 per acre; sloping south aspect, amidst grand scenery, over 300ft. above sea level, mile from Capel village and Ockley Station.—WM. VAUGHAN, Clark's Green, Capel, Surrey.

REDUCED TERMS.
NEAR GORING-ON-THAMES.

£3,000, OR £130 PER ANNUM.—A delightful old HOUSE, with ingle nook, oak joists and beams, situate in this charming part of the country, with lovely old grounds and meadow of 5 acres. Near the river, and under two miles from station. It contains: 9 bed and dressing rooms, lounge hall, and 3 reception rooms. Stabling, etc.—Recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

URGENTLY WANTED TO PURCHASE, 2,000 acres of cheap LAND, about 1 hour from London, with good coverts for game, and with RESIDENCE of not less than 14 bedrooms, or an improvable house. Price, about £20 an acre.—T. M., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

Mr W. G. FULLER Estate Agent, Station Rd., Harrow.

HARROW (close to station).—Unique old-fashioned design, semi-detached HOUSES, containing: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, large garden. £40 per annum. £100 would purchase freehold.—For full particulars, apply Mr. W. G. FULLER, as above.

HARROW.—Suitable for a Dentist, an excellently-situated RESIDENCE on main road, containing: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices. Conservatory, and well-matured garden. Rent, £75 per annum.—For particulars apply, Mr. W. G. FULLER, as above.

PINNER.—A well-built detached RESIDENCE, with over ¼ acre of garden, and containing: 6 large bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and every domestic convenience, for SALE, Freehold, £1,300, or would be LET at £80 per annum.—For orders to view, apply Mr. W. G. FULLER, as above.

BORD'S PIANOS. 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH, or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand 10s. 6d. per month), on the THREE YEARS HIRE System. Pianos Exchanged. Lists free of C. STILES and CO., 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C

BORD'S PIANOS. **BECHSTEIN PIANOS** CHARLES STILES and CO. offer these magnificent PIANOS on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM, at most advantageous prices and terms. **BECHSTEIN PIANOS** Apply to 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BIRKBECK BANK
ESTABLISHED 1851.

Current Accounts. 2% Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

Deposits. 2½% Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts.

Advances made. **Stocks and Shares** bought and sold.

Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary,
Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

CROMER. The Charming Health and Pleasure Resort on East Coast. Send Two Stamps to "MANAGER, Advertising Department, Cromer," for Illustrated Guide giving full particulars of Town and District.

Wholesale, S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd
Dalston, London, N.E.

SECOND HAND MOTOR CARS (Offered for Sale by Private Owners)

Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.

The charge for each insertion is 1s. per line, and a 1d. for every additional word.

All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.

If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block in addition to the cost of advertisement.

DECAUVILLE, 10-12 h.-p., two cylinders, tonneau body, painted green, equal sized wheels. See bands on back wheels, Michelin tyres, gears and tyres as new, car in fine condition, new 1903: owner buying larger car same make; can be seen by appointment; price £250, including three lamps, horn, and usual tools.—Owner, 70, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.

GEORGES-RICHARDS Car, 10 h.-p., two cylinders, three speeds and reverse, good hill-climber, aluminium tonneau body, with glass front and canopy top, in perfect working order, recently overhauled, with new gears; trial by appointment.—B., c/o FYSTANLER, Tallis Street, E.C.

22 h.-p. Daimler for sale, exceedingly handsome, touring car, equal to new, everything right up to date, including 1904 carburetter; price to an immediate cash purchaser, £600; the car can be inspected at any time, and a trial run arranged.—For particulars, apply to Scott, c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

RENAULT Motor-car, 4½ h.-p., tonneau body, three speeds and reverse, trembler coil, wipe contact, spring seats, Clipper tyres, in perfect order; £125; trial invited.—Mr. Haw, Dudley Street, Grimsby.

HUMBERETTE, Royal, 6½ h.-p., fast, climb any hill, little used, and in excellent condition; this car was exhibited at Crystal Palace Show; £120.—Woodward, 89, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, London.

12 h.p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

OLDSMOBILE, 5 h.-p., artillery wheels, extra back seat, tool-box, pump, tools, all latest improvements, new tyres, perfect condition; £110; trial with pleasure.—E. A. Stretton, Georgiana House, Cheltenham.

DAIMLER, 23 h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads; car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56, West Clapham Common.

12 h.-p. M.O.I.V. Darracq Tonneau, new condition, seats five, three speeds and reverse, very quiet and fast, lamps, spares, etc.; £225 cash.—The Limes, Frindsbury, Rochester.

12-16 h.-p. two-cylinder Darracq, very fast and powerful, in splendid condition, upholstered leather, roomy tonneau, painted dark blue; any trial; price £180.—Armitage, 91, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.

10 h.-p. Wolseley Tonneau, solids, photo, £250; 24 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, pneumatics, £450; 14 h. p. Clement-Talbot, detachable tonneau, bucket seats, hood, and screen, £400; all three in excellent order; trials of above at short notice here.—Owner, Batlescomb, Beach Road, Weston-super-Mare.

FOR SALE, 10 h.-p. double-cylinder Albion car, solid tyres, magneto ignition, side doors to front seats, canopy with curtains and 2 glass screens; can be started from seat; bought July, 1903, but very little used owing to owner's absence abroad; in very good condition; owner buying a four-cylinder car only reason for selling; trial given. Price, with all necessary spares, £300.—WILMOT-SITWELL, Cattistock, Dorset.

PANHARD, 10 h.-p., new 1903, Brougham Top and glass front, lined box cloth, body cost about £150; owing to owner's ill-health this car has only been run about 50 miles. Can be seen anywhere near London.—G.W., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

GENUINE Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap.—View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 8, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder Tonneau Motor Cars, made by Motor Manufacturing Co., Coventry, for immediate disposal; a bargain; any trial inspection invited, and no reasonable offer refused. Owner going abroad.—Address, B., 12, Crieff Road, Wandsworth Common.

MIDLAND . . . . HOTEL, MANCHESTER.

The most Complete Hotel in the World.

400 ROOMS.

PERFECT SANITATION.

Air Cleaned by Plenum System.

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN RESTAURANTS.

Telephone: 1904.
Telegrams: "MIDOTEL."

W. TOWLE,
Manager, Midland Hotels.

J. Dege & Sons,

Military and Sporting Tailors and BREECHES MAKERS.

MESSRS. J. DEGE and SONS beg to draw attention to their Seamless Knee Grip Breeches, which are by far the most comfortable at present in use. Their invention does not only reduce the chafing of the knee-bone to a minimum, but clears away all the superfluous length at back of knee, which is so objectionable in ordinary cut breeches.

Also to a new

STOCKINETTE CLOTH

suitable for

GOLFING, FISHING, and SHOOTING COATS.

These Cloths, being Elastic, give greater freedom to the wearer than the ordinary Tweeds, and are quite as durable.

Telegraphic Address: "HARKFORWARD, LONDON."

Telephone 6440 Gerrard.

13, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING

YŌST

TYPEWRITER.

NOTED FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL WORK.

A New Model of this Machine is now ready. Old Features improved—many new Features.

Illustrated Booklet post free.

THE YŌST TYPEWRITER Co., Ltd.

Head Office: 50, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

DUBLIN BRANCH: 22, South Frederick Street.

Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 38.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 24, 1904 [By Post, 6½d. 6d.

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Mrs. Guy Chetwynd

The pretty American wife of Mr. Guy Chetwynd, and one of the best Bridge players in Society

No. 38.—Vol. III.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, August 24, 1904

	PAGE
Frontispiece	643
The Passing Hour	645
Without Apology	650
From Abroad	652
"A Vital Point of Education." By Marie Corelli	657
What the People are Doing in Japan. By Murasaki Ayami	662
Three Popular Favourites in Musical Comedy	665
Our Short Story—"The Tame Cat." By Nellie K. Blissett	668
Prizewinners at the Worthing Horse Show	672
The Library	673
Gossip About Books	674
Concerning General French	676
"At the Sign of the Times"	678
Automobile Topics	680
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	682
Cricket: The First Seven Batsmen of the Year	683
Lancashire v. Middlesex, at Lord's ...	684
Croquet: Championships at Wimbledon	685
Lawn Tennis: At Home and Abroad ...	686
Yachting and Sailing: Burnham Week	688
The Connoisseur	689
The World of Women	691
Fashionable Facts and Fancies ...	692

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

Amusements

APOLLO THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, HENRY LOWENFELD. Lessee and Manager, Tom B. Davis.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.

EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

"VERONIQUE."

MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE. — Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. TO-NIGHT, at 8 (Doors open 7.40),

A NEW MUSICAL PLAY,

"THE ORCHID."

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 19 0
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	19 6
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 9

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume II. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

"PAGAN LONDON,"

BY

Marie Corelli.

Reprinted from THE BYSTANDER,

PRICE THREEPENCE.

As only a limited number of this spirited and striking article are available, orders should be sent at once to Local Agents, or direct to the Publisher,

"GRAPHIC" OFFICE,

TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NOW READY.

VOLUME II.

"The Bystander"

INCLUDING COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS

AND WITH OVER

1,500 ILLUSTRATIONS.

Handsomely bound in Green Cloth Gilt. Price *10/6*
Or Carriage Free to any address in the United Kingdom for *12/-*

NOW READY.

Cases for Binding "THE BYSTANDER." Price *1/6* each or by Post *1/10*.

Also the Binding Portfolio for holding loose Numbers preparatory to binding. Price *2/6*, or by Post *2/10* each.

The Passing Hour.

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

August 24 1904

M.P.s' Disperse

The formalities, without which the powerful assembly that dictates its pleasure to the peoples of the Greatest Empire the world has ever seen, were scarcely complete before our jaded legislators were scattered to the four quarters of the globe in search of pleasure, rest, or, at least, relief from the onerous tasks of baiting or being baited by unfriendly critics. The House of Commons is now in the hands of cleaners, who, in any case, may be depended upon to make a clean sweep of the cobwebs that are hanging there, and for some months, at least, we shall have to make our best endeavours to exist without the orthodox leaderett:—we rarely find leading articles now—in our favourite morning newspaper holding forth on the heinous and criminal behaviour of those hon. members who do not happen to see eye to eye with ourselves in matters of public policy.

Photo by *Beresford*

Lord Hugh Cecil

A Sterile Session

The Session just ended does not, one must confess, leave us with a very exalted idea of the effects of six months' discussion on public affairs. The fiscal atmosphere has settled as a pall upon the spirits of hon. members, and effectually damped the ardour of the most enthusiastic. Our Army is in a chaotic condition, and the alarming increase of public expenditure has called for the most serious consideration of those who are delegated to represent the nation. As a matter of fact, between the stormy periods of innuendo and dispute, the needs of the country have been suffered to remain neglected. Consols

Photo by] **Mr. Austen Chamberlain** *[H. J. Whittock*

Photo by] **Mr. Winston Churchill** *[Duffus*

East Port | Golden Hill Fort | Signal Station | Entrance to Harbour | Tiger's Tail

The Dockyard | Railway Terminus behind the Hill

A Seaward View of Port Arthur: Russia's Doomed Stronghold in the Far East

Slowly but surely the Japanese are tightening their grip on Russia's Far Eastern stronghold, and there is something awe-inspiring in the grim earnestness which animates both sides. For months the Japanese have been working towards the present consummation, and meanwhile the Russians have fought bravely, though vainly, against the fate which can now only be averted by a miracle. Already the town has been bombarded from many points, and spectators have described as terrible in the extreme the night scene of the shells circling comet-like to the city, their explosion lighting up the town "with great splashes of fire mounting skyward." For days Port Arthur has been on fire in many parts, and it is feared that the Russians are destroying the city in preference to allowing it to fall into the hands of the Japanese

are down to a pitch which clearly proves how our national credit is ebbing; trade which will continue to suffer until a drastic policy of economy is introduced is in desperate straits; problems of the greatest magnitude—such as the housing question—are crying aloud for solutions, and, meanwhile, the Session has succeeded in bringing John Chinaman to Johannesburg to oust the white man and assist the mine-owners; and it has also succeeded in arranging business for the honest publican in a manner entirely satisfactory to himself.

Three Young Men

Few reputations have been improved during the Session. Three young men stand out beyond their fellows for ability, two of whom will ultimately, no doubt, find themselves in the most prominent position which state-craft creates for their like. No Parliamentarian has been more prominent than Mr. Winston Churchill, and no young man in public life is probably more disliked—a sign, many would say, of his power, for a weak man has no enemies but himself. Mr. Churchill, who started the Session on the Ministerial benches, crossed over to the Opposition, which party he has undoubtedly, if the truth may be whispered, led ever since. He has proved himself an unwavering opponent of Mr. Chamberlain, but his courageous determination to think for himself has not been popular. Party Whips like to look on their Party as a machine which works easily and without squeaking. Ostracised by the Ministerialists, Mr. Churchill has proved a thorn in the flesh since he became openly opposed to them. He is a chip of the old block, but more able, because more determined than his father.

Photo by **H.R.H. Princess Christian** [*Russell.*

Who, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Victoria, has just left England for the Cape, to visit the grave of Prince Christian Victor

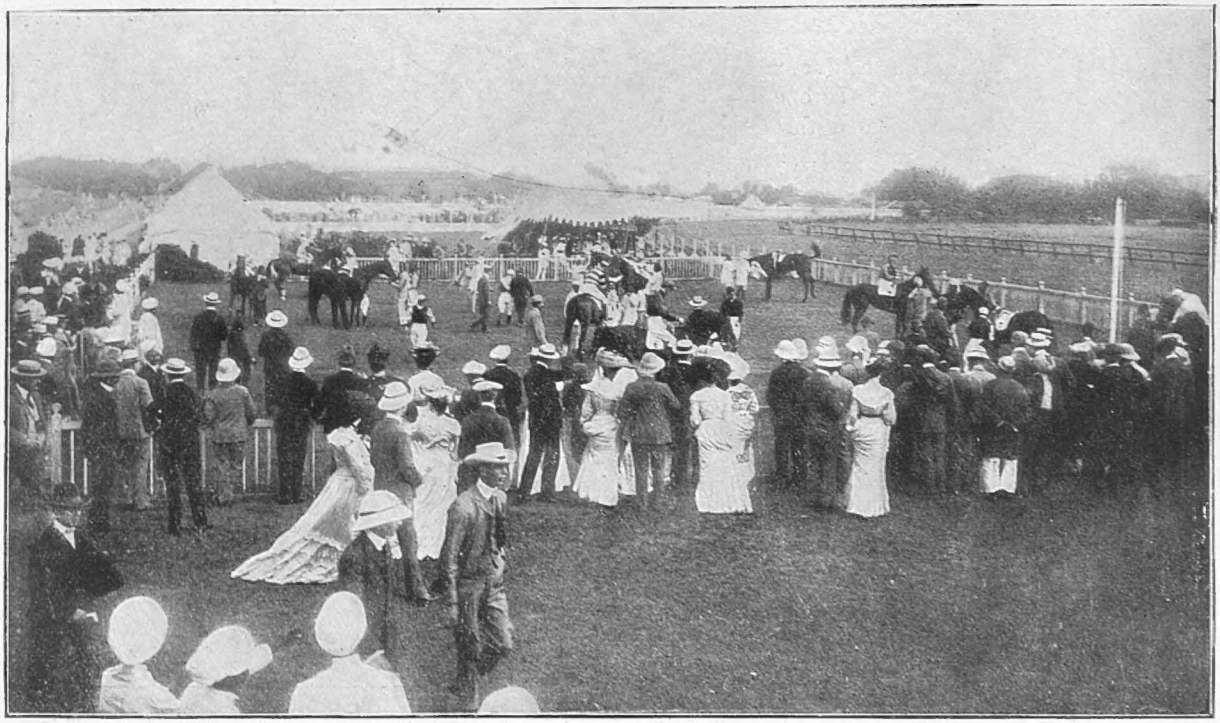


Photo by *Barton*

At the Bangalore Cup Races: Scene in the Paddock

Bangalore is one of the principal towns in the Madras Presidency, containing as it does a population of about 200,000. There is a large number of English residents, and as the town is some 3,000 feet above sea level, the climate is cool, and outdoor sports have a large and enthusiastic following

Adolph Beck

John Smith (alias William Thomas)

The innocent victim of a miscarriage of justice, and his alleged double

recapitulated here; but, briefly, he has been sentenced on two occasions to penal servitude owing to his unfortunate resemblance to another man. The discovery of the mistake was very dramatic. He was charged a third time for his double's offences, and would, doubtless, have again been wrongly punished had not the guilty party, a man named John Smith (*alias* William Thomas), been captured red-handed at the time Beck was under remand. Mr. G. R. Sims, of the *Referee*, has taken up the case very strongly, and he has cited chapter and verse to prove that the police were perfectly well aware all along that Beck could not be Smith, owing to his physical peculiarities not tallying with Smith's. The Government has offered Beck £2,000 compensation, but Mr. Sims urges that the police are guilty of criminal conspiracy in making an innocent man, whom they knew to be innocent, to suffer as a scapegoat for a guilty person they were not clever enough to capture, and demands a public inquiry into this English Dreyfus case. The case is, indeed, startling.

Add to their Reputations

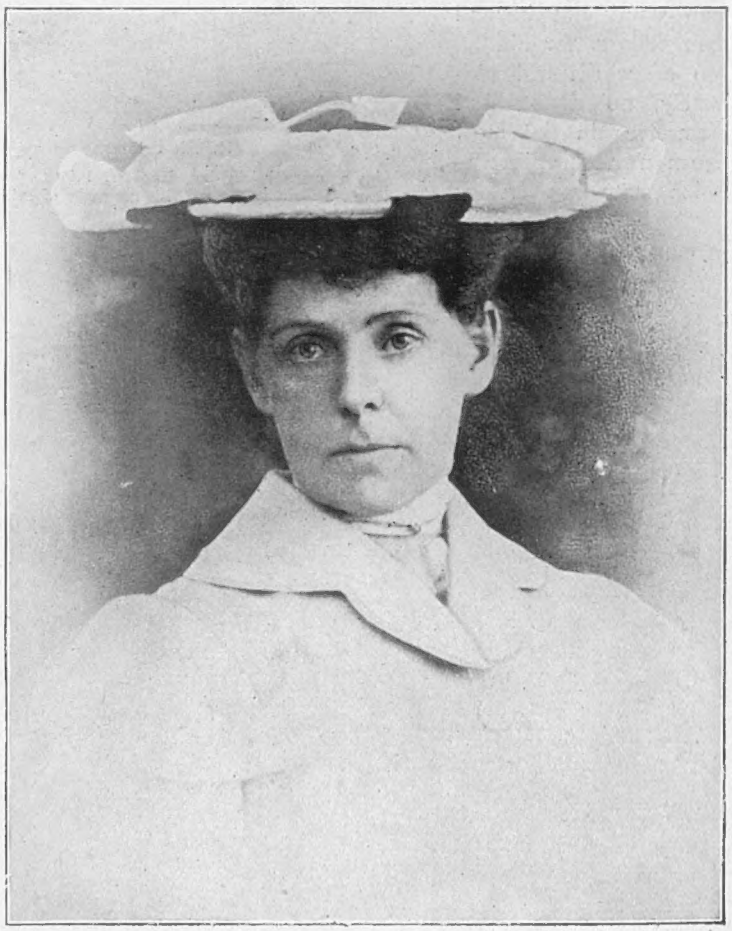
The other two men are Lord Hugh Cecil, who, with his ornate delivery and biting sarcasm, will "fill" the House more quickly, perhaps, than any other speaker, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Lord Hugh is as determined an opponent of Protection as Mr. Winston Churchill is, but he lacks the courage to carry his convictions to their logical conclusion by voting against his Party. The young Chancellor of the Exchequer has succeeded very well in maintaining the arduous office to which he was appointed on Mr. Ritchie's resignation, and his temper, demeanour, and conciliatory attitude have won him many friends His Budget was well received, and he has since given many indications of being a young man who, at all events, takes life seriously.

The War

In the address from the Throne it was stated that the Government had forwarded a strong protest to Russia on the subject of the sufferings our trade has undergone by Russian seizures of our merchant vessels. The interest in this elephantine struggle has been again centred round Port Arthur, which the world for some days has been hourly expecting to fall. Some idea of the strong position the Japanese Army holds may be gathered from the illustration published in this issue. They dominate the situation, and the effect of their withering bombardment is clearly seen by the wild attempts the Russian fleet have made to escape, like rats leaving a sinking ship.

An English Dreyfus

Great interest has been aroused by the case of Adolf Beck. His story is too long to be



By permission of the "*Daily Chronicle*"

Mrs. Maybrick: The only photograph taken since her release

Was she also a victim of circumstantial evidence?

Another Victim of Miscarriage of Justice?

About a month ago, Mrs. Maybrick, liberated from the home at Truro, to which she was sent by the Home Office, crossed to Rouen, where she remained quietly with her mother, the Baroness de Roques. She is now in America where an important lawsuit, involving large sums, is awaiting her evidence. As every action of the American Government with regard to Mrs. Maybrick has been to demonstrate its belief in her innocence, there is little doubt but that this unfortunate lady will meet with general sympathy in her native country.

Lady Hilda McNeill

Our obituary includes this week Lady Hilda McNeill and Mr. "Willie" Renshaw. Her ladyship was drowned near Fremington, N. Devon, in trying to save the life of a boy named Glyn Pritchard, who was bathing, and fell into a deep hole. Lady Hilda, who gallantly endeavoured to save the boy's life, although a fair swimmer, was very short-sighted, and it is probable the boy seized hold of her and dragged her down with him. Her ladyship was a great sportswoman, hunting being her favourite sport. A tragic feature of the occurrence was that not far away Mr. McNeill and several other gentlemen were playing a polo match, and could have easily saved both their lives had they only been able to reach them in time.

Photo by **The late Lady Hilda McNeill** [*Russell*

The well-known huntswoman and sister to the Earl of Stradbroke who was drowned while bravely trying to rescue a boy from the River Taw, near Fremington, North Devon

Photo by **The late Mr. Willie Renshaw** [*Bassano*

By whose recent death Lawn Tennis has lost an enthusiastic supporter

Mr. Willie Renshaw

Willie Renshaw, "the father of lawn tennis," has died of heart disease. He made the game which, in spite of what lovers of other pastimes may think of it, is played by a greater number of people than any other. France, America, Germany, and Italy, all meet us in friendly rivalry to-day, and yet, had there been no Renshaw, lawn tennis would probably have been dead ere now. He taught us that lawn tennis is the most scientific game, perhaps, played, and it is because of this, and also because it is a thoroughly sporting game, that THE BYSTANDER devotes so much interest to it.

Mrs. Guy Chetwynd

Mrs. Guy Chetwynd, the subject of this week's frontispiece, is the pretty American wife of Mr. Guy Chetwynd, the eldest son of Sir George Chetwynd and Florence Lady Hastings. Her marriage, which took place two years ago, was quite a romance — being celebrated in approved Gretna Green fashion, though it actually took place in the unromantic precincts of a church at Marylebone. She and her husband took it into their heads that they could no longer exist apart, and the ceremony was quietly performed during an early walk, without any of their friends or relatives having the least idea of what was happening.

Without Apology

We are informed that at the birth of the Tsarevitch, a "general rejoicing" was witnessed in Russia.

A *general* rejoicing, whether at the front or in St. Petersburg, must be a *rara avis* in these days of Russian defeats.

We hear that as the Russians have displayed so great a partiality for sinking British vessels, a largely-signed petition is to be presented to the proprietors of the Thames steamboats, praying them immediately to despatch their fleet to the Red Sea.

The King has been suffering from the attentions of ill-bred visitors at Marienbad. Instead of

The Topictator

In many halls, a warmer welcome would be given to a place for sleep.

Mr. Hall Caine considers that his new novel "will rank higher in popular opinion" than "The Eternal City" or "The Christian."

For Mr. Hall Caine's sake, we hope so.

A Daily is enquiring "Are Wives Free?" We think it due to intending husbands to give the true answer, which seems to be that, while wives are free, their hats and dresses most decidedly are not.

We looked eagerly through the

The "Little Father" (to himself): "What does anything matter now?"

marrying bad manners they must be born with them.

The *Daily Dispatch*, referring to the close of the Parliamentary Session, said recently:

> In order to clear off the business of the Session, both Houses of Parliament had the unusual experience of a Saturday sitting on Saturday, prior to the prorogation to-day.

But why unusual? Had the Saturday sitting taken place on a Thursday, there would, indeed, have been cause for remark. As it is, however, we fail to see anything very extraordinary because a Saturday sitting took place on a Saturday.

In our latest palace of amusement, the Coliseum, we shall be able to write, lunch, dine, telegraph, telephone, or shave.

Daily Mirror the day after the new little Tsarevitch was born and could not find that our enterprising contemporary had published a photograph of the Royal Babe. It must really wake up

---

Mr. Stead is going to visit a theatre shortly for the first time in his life. This announcement has caused a furor in theatrical centres. THE BYSTANDER *is pleased to announce the following further developments of this idea:*

We hear that Mr. Stead himself intends to make numerous alterations in the staff of the *Review of Reviews*, as he feels that he and his contributors know a good deal too much. The post of chief reviewer has been offered to and accepted by Mr. Timothy Hodge, of Little Peddlington, Loamshire. Mr. Hodge, through some oversight of his parents, or

A Dress Rehearsal

Mr. Chamberlain will continue the Fiscal Campaign on October 5, treating the question from an agricultural point of view. We suggest the above attire

FARMER JOE: "What you've got ter dew together boys is ter think Impairially"

Offensive Posters

A movement is on foot to prevent the display of blood-curdling posters, which are said to have a bad effect on children. Why not include the poster which encourages elderly and otherwise respectable gentlemen to jump fences

the school inspector, has reached the age of sixty without setting foot inside a schoolroom, and as he has, therefore, never read a book, it is expected that his notices will possess an unusual value.

The Pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Tabernacle, Mudford, has decided to despatch a courteously-worded invitation to the Pope to take a pew at any of the services he may select and give the congregation the benefit of his criticism, which it is hoped will be particularly fresh, as his Holiness has never yet entered one of the chapels of this body, although now considerably past middle-age.

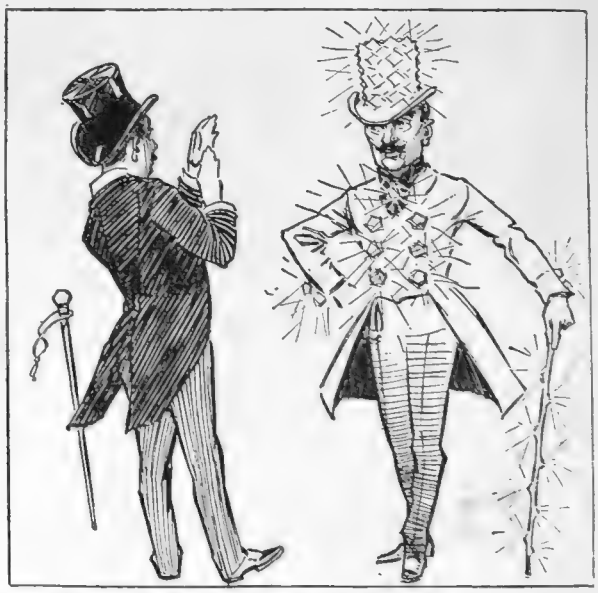
The Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., has relinquished the idea of offering the post of mechanical expert on his paper, *The Car, Illustrated*, to General Booth. Now that the General has travelled some hundreds of miles in an automobile, his former fitness for the position has disappeared.

The persistent rumours of Mr. Arnold-Forster's forthcoming retirement from the War Office are probably owing to the fact that a successful operation has lately been performed in a London hospital, whereby a gentleman who had been blind since his birth, fifty years ago, has gained his sight. As this gentleman has *never yet seen a soldier*, it would be a loss of a unique opportunity were he not at once appointed Secretary of State for War.

The Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the Duke of Devonshire, has been chosen as first string for the hundred yards' sprint in next year's Oxford and Cambridge sports. This is owing to the fact that his Grace is now seventy-one years of age, and has never yet been in a hurry.

The Rival Roses: A Cricket Allegor

The bear with the ragged staff (Warwickshire) breaks the white rose (Yorkshire), and leaves the red rose (Lancashire) to bloom and blush without a rival



What we may expect to see

"Good Heavens! Why?—What?—Who?"

"Just a few purchases—Anglesey Castle—mere song—'sure you!"

FROM ABROAD.

The Dalai Lama Wakes Up

The Dalai Lama has evidently become imbued during the past week with a sense of the fitness of things Occidental, for, although still observing a Mahatma-like solitude, he has delegated his authority to negotiate to the Amban, who is the representative of China. For the first time during one hundred years, Tibet has a Supreme Ruler invested with the seals of office, for the present Dalai Lama is the only holder of the title (there is little else he is allowed to do) who has passed the mature age of eighteen. Dalai Lamas, as a rule, do not have a long life. They are chosen at the early age of four, and at eighteen are supposed to take over the cares of State, but it is found more convenient for the Regents to dispose of the head of the Administration (by fair means or foul), and choose another Dalai Lama, when the Regency continues uninterrupted. When it is known that the Regency consists of priests and others all under the thumb of the Amban,

A wounded "Kyang" (Tibetan wild ass)

The country surrounding the larger lakes of Tibet is well stocked with game, the most common animals seen being wild goats, sheep, and asses

Photos supplied by *Topical Agency*

The Lamasery at Guru. Here many wounded Tibetans took shelter after the fight at Hot Springs

Like so many of the monasteries passed by the Mission on its way to Lhasa, Guru is very substantially built, and has more the appearance of a mediæval fortress than a monastery

the exclusiveness which has made Tibet famous of late years and has caused all the present trouble is easily explained.

The Temples of Tibet

Two of our illustrations give some idea of the exterior of Tibetan temples. Perched on the mountain sides, in the most commanding positions from a military point of view, these would have been a source of perpetual trouble had the Tibetan army been other than what it is. Of the interiors few are able to speak. The great number and huge size of these monasteries, or lamaseries as they are called, is surprising even for the East. The one at Daipung, which General Macdonald had occasion to visit the other day in order to obtain supplies, is said to be the largest in the world, containing from 6,000 to 8,000 monks. Many contain priceless treasures — the Palkhor Choide seen in our illustration possessing huge gilt images of the Buddha, while the temple of learning is lighted by a thousand lamps. The library at Palkhor Choide contains broad-leaved books from two to four feet long, and the sacred Scriptures are written in letters of gold. Sarat Chandra Das, who visited this monastery, gives the following description of the curious religious observances he saw. "On each side of the images of Sakya Buddha," he says, "were four rows of monks, of twenty each, and in front of them burned hundreds of butter-fed lamps. Behind the seats of the monks were drums, each with a long handle . these the monks beat at intervals, and to the accompaniment also of cymbals, brass hautboys, and clarionets, they chanted hymns in deep sonorous voices."

Temple of the Palkhor Choide Monastery at Gyantse

This temple has a copper gilt roof, and is richly ornamented in other ways. There are about 800 priests here, and the Buddhistic library is one of the most important in the country. It will be remembered that the fighting in the neighbourhood of Gyantse was of the severest description

Photo supplied by *Topical Agency*

General Macdonald and the Mission in Camp near Lhasa

The following is the force which accompanied the Mission to Lhasa: No. 7 Mountain Battery, one section 30th Battery, Maxim gun detachment of the Norfolk Regiment, two companies Mounted Infantry, four companies Royal Fusiliers, four companies 32nd Pioneers, six companies 40th Pathans, six companies 8th Gurkhas, half-company Sappers and Miners. The animals seen in the foreground are yaks, or native oxen, which are used for transporting supplies

The Town and Bay of Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, California

Photos by *Bain*

On the Beach at Santa Monica, California

SUMMER RESORTS BY

Photo by *Bain*

The Horse Shoe Bend on the Mount Lowe Railway

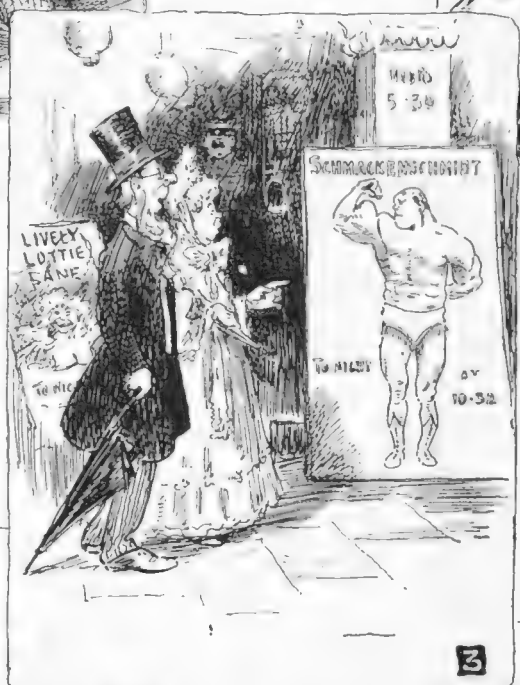
THE PACIFIC COAST

"PHYSICAL CULTURE" WITH A VENGEANCE

"The Chicago Board of Guardians which manages the Public Schools, following the principle that 'a fine mind generally goes with a well-proportioned body,' have resolved that, in future, successful candidates for the staff of teachers 'will be divided into three classes, and those in the first division, who will be placed there solely for physical reasons, will get the best places.'"—EVENING STANDARD.

1 APPLICANT FOR POST OF TEACHER IN INFANT SCHOOL. "References? - wot 'o! not arf! 'Ere's a full account of my dust-up with the Brondesbury Bruiser - knocked 'im out in —" THE REV PARBOYLE 'Ah! - I see very satisfactory indeed - ah when can you take up your duties?

2 YOUR academic credentials are satisfactory enough, Miss Prism, but I am afraid that your chest-measurement would check the tendency towards idealism in my little girl's exalted nature



3 OH! what a fine creature - I wonder if we could secure him for our Lizzie - you know she will be ten next birthday and she is so dreadfully backward in her geography

4 MISS FAY (high trapeze artist) "Oh my dear Archie, I'm so upset - I just missed that Newnham professorship by one vote The horrid cat who got it, can do the splits - I can't.

5 BEEN out o' work so long, me biceps is gone down a bit - but with the elp of an 'ome exerciser I 'ope ter git one o' these 'ere jobs as a Board School teacher - Me 'eight's all right, and me waist's all right - it's me muscles as is agin me

THOMAS MAYBANK

A Vital Point of Education*

By MARIE CORELLI

In days like these, when the necessity of Education, technical or otherwise, is strenuously insisted upon by all the learned, worshipful, governmental and dictatorial personages who 'sit' on County Councils, or talk the precious time recklessly away in Parliament without apparently arriving at any decision of definite workable good for the nation, it will not perhaps be considered obtrusive or intrusive if a suggestion be put forward as to the importance of one point,—

THE NECESSITY OF TEACHING PEOPLE TO READ.

This essential of education is sadly lacking among the general majority of 'educated' persons in Great Britain, and I think I may say America. Especially among those of the 'upper' classes, in both countries. When we speak of these 'upper' classes, we mean of course those, who by chance or fortune have been born either to such rank or to such sufficient wealth as to be lifted above the toiling million, and who have certainly had all the physical, mental and social advantages that tuition, training and general surroundings can give them. Yet, it is precisely among these that we find the very ones who cannot read, who frequently cannot spell, and whose handwriting is so bad as to be well nigh illegible. When it is stated that they cannot read, that statement is not by any means intended to convey the idea that if a book or newspaper be given to them they do not understand the letters or the print in which the reading matter is presented to their eyes. They do. But such letters and such print impress no meaning upon their minds. Anyone can prove this by merely asking them what they have been reading. In nine cases out of ten they 'don't know.' And if they ever did know, during one unusual moment of brain-activity, they 'forget.' The thinking faculty is, with them, like a worn-out sieve, through which everything runs easily and drops to waste. The news of the day, be it set forth never so boldly in no matter what startlingly stout headlines, barely excites their interest for more than a second. They may perhaps glance at a couple of newspaper placards and lazily observe, 'Russia at it again,' but of the ins and outs of policy, the difficulties of Government, the work of nations, they grasp absolutely nothing. Thus it happens that when they are asked their opinion on any such events of the hour as may be making history in the future, they display their utter ignorance in such a frankly stupid fashion that the intelligent enquirer is bound to be stunned by their lack of knowledge, and will perhaps murmur feebly: "Have you not read the news?" to which will come the vague reply—"Oh yes, I read all the newspapers! But I really don't remember the particulars just now!" What they do remember,—these 'cultured' persons, (and the more highly they are cultured, the more tenacious is their memory on the point)—is a divorce case. They always read that carefully over and over again They comment upon it afterwards with such gusto as to make it quite evident to the merest tyro, that they have learned all its worst details by heart. If they can only revel in the published shame and disgrace of one or two of their very 'dearest' friends, they enjoy and appreciate that kind of mental fare more than all the beautiful poems and idyllic romances ever written.

The 'million' have long ago learned to read,—and are reading. The last is the most important fact, and one which those who seek to govern them would do well to remember. For their reading is of a most strange, mixed, and desultory order—and who can say what wondrous new notions and disturbing theories may not leap out sprite-like from the witch's cauldron of seething ideas round which they gather, watching the literary 'bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,' wherein the 'eye of newt and toe of frog' in the book line may contrast with something which is altogether outside the boiling hotch-potch,—namely that 'sick eagle looking at the sky' which is the true symbol of the highest literary art. But the highest literary art, particularly in its poetic form, is at a discount nowadays. And why? Simply because people do not know 'how' to read. Moreover it is very difficult to make them learn. They have neither the skill nor the patience to study beautiful thoughts expressed in beautiful language. They want to 'rush' something through. Whether poem, play, or novel, it must be 'rushed through' and done with. No author's book can be sure of an honest and unprejudiced reading, either by those whose business it is to review it for the press, or those whose pleasure it is to 'skim' it for themselves. 'They have no time.' They have time for motoring, cycling, card-playing, racing, betting, tennis and croquet—anything in short which does not directly appeal to the intellectual faculties,—but for real reading, they can neither make leisure nor acquire aptitude.

This vague sieve-like quality of brain and general mental inability to comprehend or retain impressions of character or events, which is becoming so common among modern so-called 'readers' of books, can but make things very difficult for authors who honestly seek to contribute something of their utmost best to the world of literature. Most men and women who feel the 'divine afflatus' and who are able to write in a style above the average, must be conscious of a desire to rise yet higher than any of their own

*[COPYRIGHT 1904 BY MARIE CORELLI IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. ALL RIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED]

attempted efforts, and to do something new, strong and true enough to hold life and lasting in it when other contemporary work is forgotten. It is the craving of the 'sick eagle looking at the sky' perhaps, nevertheless it is a noble craving. In taking an aim it is as well to let fly at the moon, even if one only hits a tree. But when fiery-footed Pegasus would fain gallop away with its rider into the realms of imagination and enchantment,—when the aspiring disciple of literature, all aglow with freshness and fervour, strives to catch some new spirit of thought as it rushes past on its swift wings, or seeks to create some fair consoling idyll of human circumstance, then all the publishers stand massed in the way and cry "Halt! 'Don't let us have any great ideas!' they say—'they are above the heads of the public. Be domestic—be matrimonially iniquitous,—be anything in the line of fiction but 'great.' Don't give us new things to think about,—the public have no time to think! What they want is just something to glance at between tea and dinner."

Now such a condition of affairs, which is so positively disastrous to all literary art, is entirely brought about by the lack of the one vital point in the modern education of the British and American people,—namely, that they have not been taught 'how' to read. As a result of this, they frequently pronounce a book 'too long' or 'too dull,'—too this, or too that, without having looked at more than perhaps twenty pages of its contents. As an example of what I mean, I will here relate a little experience of my own which I purposely entered upon for my own instruction and entertainment, concerning a novel which I greatly admire,—'Simon Dale' by Anthony Hope. During one entire year I made it my business to ask a goodly number of well-to-do 'reading' people their opinions on this book, and I found that none of all those whom I asked had read it actually through. One lady assured me that it was the most delightful book she had ever read! When I asked her what character in it she liked the best, she replied: "Oh, Simon of course—that dear big man who was so fond of Lorna! And Lorna herself! *What* a creation." And then I found she was talking of "Lorna Doone." I said—"but that's by Blackmore." "Yes, of course," she agreed vivaciously—"That's the man you mean, isn't it?" "Not exactly,"—I answered—"I was speaking of 'Simon Dale' by Anthony Hope. An-thon-y Hope, —you know his name of course?" Her face fell. "Oh yes!" she said—"He wrote 'Dodo.' I didn't like Dodo!" It will, I think, be agreed that it was no use entering into any discussion as to the merits of 'Simon Dale' with this excellent gentlewoman, who, however, is only one of the very large 'educated' class who do not know how to read. They have never learned,—and some of them will never learn. They cannot realise the unspeakable delight and claim of giving one's self up to one's author, *sans* prejudice, *sans* criticism, *sans* everything that could possibly break or mar the spell, and being carried on the wings of gentle romance away from self, away from the everyday cares and petty personalities of social convention and observance, and living 'with' the characters which have been created by the man or the woman whose fertile brain and toiling pen have unitedly done their best to give this little respite and holiday to those who will take it and rejoice in it with gratitude.

But unfortunately these are few. Far larger is the class of people who take up a novel or a volume of essays, merely to find fault with it and fling it aside half unread. The attitude of the bad-tempered child who does not know what toy next to break, is the attitude of many modern readers. Nothing is more manifestly unfair to an author, than to judge a book by the mere 'skimming' of its pages, though this injustice becomes almost felonious when the merits or demerits of the work are decided without reading it at all. For instance, Mr. Smith meets Mr. Jones in the train which is taking them out to their several 'little places' in the country, and says:

"Have you read So-and-So's latest book? If not, don't!" Whereupon Mr. Jones murmurs—"Really! So bad as all that! Have *you* read it?" To which Smith rejoins rudely—"No! And don't intend! I've *heard* all about it!" And Jones, acquiescing feebly, decides that he must 'taboo' that book, also its author, lest perhaps Mrs. Jones' virtue be put to the blush at the mention of either. Now if Mr. Smith were to dare to condemn a tradesman in this way and depreciate his goods to Mr. Jones in such wise that the latter should be led to avoid him altogether, that tradesman could claim damages for injuring his character and depriving him of custom. Should not the same rule apply to authors when they are condemned on mere hearsay? Or when their work is wilfully misrepresented and misquoted in the press?

It may not perhaps be out of place here to recall a 'personal reminiscence' of the wilful misrepresentation made to a certain section of the public of a recent novel of mine entitled 'Temporal Power.' That book had scarcely left the printer's hands when Mr. W. T. Stead of the *Review of Reviews*, wrote me a most cordial letter, congratulating me on the work, and averring that it was 'the best' of all I had done. But in his letter he set forth the startling proposition that I 'must have meant' King Edward, our own gracious Sovereign, for my 'fictional' King, Queen Alexandra for the Queen, the Prince of Wales for my 'Prince Humphry,' and Mr. Chamberlain for the defaulting Secretary of State, who figures in the story as "Carl Perousse." I was so amazed at this curious 'free translation' of my ideas, that at first I thought it was 'Julia' who had thus persuaded Mr. Stead to see things upside down. But as his criticism of the book had not yet appeared in the *Review of Reviews* I made haste to write to him at once, and earnestly assured him of the complete misapprehension he had made of my whole scope and intention. Despite this explanation on my part, however, Mr. Stead wrote and published a review of the book maintaining his own fabricated 'case' against me, notwithstanding the fact that he held my denial of his assertions in his possession *before* the publication of his criticism. And though a dealer in meat, groceries, and other food stuffs may obtain compensation if his wares are wilfully misrepresented to the buying public, the purveyor of thoughts or ideas has no remedy when such thoughts or ideas are falsified to the world through the press. Yet

the damage is surely as great,—and the injury done to one's honest intention quite as gratuitous. From this little incident occurring to myself, I venture to say in reference to the assertion that people do not know 'how' to read, that if those who rushed through the misleading criticism of 'Temporal Power' had honestly read the book so criticized for themselves, they would have seen at once how distorted was Mr. Stead's view of the whole story. But,—while many who had read the book and *not* the review,—laughed at the bare notion of there being any resemblance between my fictional hero-king of romance and the Sovereign of the British Empire, others, reading the review only, foolishly decided that I must have written some 'travesty' upon English royalty, and condemned the book *without reading it.* This is what all authors have a right to complain of,—the condemnation or censure of their books by persons who cannot read. For though there never was so much reading matter put before the public, there was never less actual 'reading' in the truest and highest sense of the term.

To read, as I take it, means to sit down quietly and enjoy a book in its every line and expression. Whether it be tragic or humorous, simple or ornate, it has been written to beguile us from our daily routine of life, and to give us a little change of thought or mood. It may please us, or it may make us sad—it may even anger us by upsetting our pet theories and contradicting us on our own lines of argument, but if it has taken us away for a time from ourselves, it has fulfilled the greater part of its mission, and done us a good turn.

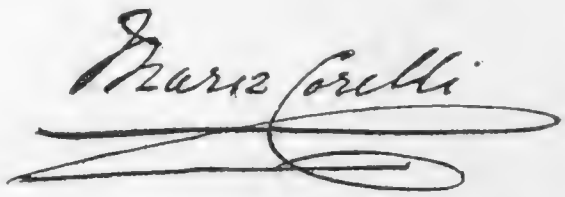
Those who have really learned to read, are no encouragers of the Free Library craze. The true lover of books will never want to peruse volumes that are thumbed and soiled by hundreds of other hands—he or she will manage to buy them and keep them as friends in the private household. Any book, save the most expensive 'editions de luxe,' can be purchased for a few shillings,—a little saving on drugged beer and useless finery would enable the ordinary mechanic to stock himself with a very decent library of his own. To borrow one's mental fare from Free Libraries is a dirty habit to begin with. It is rather like picking up eatables dropped by someone else in the road and making one's dinner off another's leavings. One book, clean and fresh from the bookseller's counter, is worth half-a-dozen of the soiled and messy knockabout volumes, which our medical men assure us carry disease-germs in their too-widely fingered pages. Free Libraries are undoubtedly very useful resorts for betting men. They can run in, glance at the latest 'Sporting Items' and run out again. But why ratepayers should support such houses of call for these gentry, remains a mystery which one would have to pierce through all the Wool and Wobble of Municipal Corporations to solve. An American 'professor'—(there are so many of them) spoke to me the other day in glowing terms of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. "He's cute, you bet!" he remarked; "He goes one better than Pears' Soap! Pears has got to pay for the upkeep of his hoardings, but Carnegie plants his down in the shape of libraries and gets the British ratepayer to keep them all going! Ain't he spry!" Poor British ratepayer! It is to be feared he is easily gulled! But,—to return to the old argument—if he knew how to read—really knew—he would not be so easily taken in, even by the schemes of philanthropy. He would buy his books for himself, and among them he might even manage to secure a copy of a very interesting volume published in America, so I am given to understand, which tells us how Mr. Carnegie inherited his millions from his brother Thomas, and how he called out the Pinkerton police force to fire on his men when they 'struck' for higher wages.

Apropos of America and things American, there is just now a pretty little story started in the press on both sides of the water, about English fiction no longer being wanted in the United States. The Children of the Eagle are going to make their fiction themselves. All power to their elbows! But English authors will do themselves no harm by enquiring carefully into this report. It may even pay some of them to send over a private agent on their own behalf to study the American book stores and take count of the thousands of volumes of English fiction which are selling there 'like hot cakes,' to quote a choice expression of Transatlantic slang. It is quite evident that the Children of the Eagle purchase English Fiction. It is equally evident that the publishers who cater for the Children of the Eagle are anxious to get English fiction cheap, and are doing this little 'deal' of the 'No demand' business out of an acute sense of urgency. It is all right, of course! If I were an American publisher and had to pay large prices to popular English authors for popular English fiction (now that 'piracy' is no longer possible), I should naturally tell those English authors that they are not wanted in America, and that it is very good and condescending of me to consider their wares at all. I should give a well-known English author from £100 to £500 for the sole American rights of his or her newest production, and proceed to make £5,000 or £7,000 profit out of it. That kind of thing is always called 'business.' I should never suspect the English author of being so base as to send over and get legal statements as to how his or her book was selling, or to take note of the thousands of copies stacked up every day in the stores, to melt away as soon as stacked, in the hands of eager purchasers. No! As a strictly honourable person I should hope that the English author would stay at home and mind his or her own business! But, let us suppose that the American publisher's latest delicate 'feeler' respecting the 'no demand for English literature' were true, it would seem that Americans, even more than the British, require to be taught 'how' to read. If one may judge from their own output of literature, the lesson is badly needed. Ralph Waldo Emerson remains as yet, their biggest literary man. He knew how to read, and from that knowledge learned how to write. But no American author has come after him that can be called greater than he, or as great. Concerning the art of fiction, the American 'make' of it as exemplified in 'David Harum' and 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' is, whatever the immediate 'catching on' of it may

be, distinctly ephemeral. Such 'literature' would not exist even in America, if Americans knew 'how' to read. What is called the 'Yellow Journalism' would not exist either. Because a really educated reader of things worth reading would not read it—and it would therefore be a case of the wicked ceasing to trouble and the weary being at rest.

There is a general complaint nowadays—especially among authors—of the 'decadence' of literature. It's true enough. But the cause of the 'decadence' is the same—simply and solely that many people cannot and will not read. They do not know 'how' to do it. If they ever did know in the bygone days of Dickens and Thackeray they have forgotten. Every book is 'too long' for them. Yet scarcely any novel is published now as long as the novels of Dickens which were so eagerly devoured at one time by tens of thousands of admiring readers. A short, risky, rather 'nasty' book, (reviewers would call it strong, but that is only a little joke of theirs, —they speak of this kind of literature as though it were cheese) finds most favour with the 'upper' circles of society in Great Britain and America Not so with the 'million' though. The million prefer simpler fare;—and they read a good deal—though scarcely in the right way. It is more a case of 'skimming' than reading. If they are ever taught the right way to read, they may become wiser than political governments would like them to be. For right reading makes right thinking—and right thinking makes right living—and right living would result in what? Well! For one thing, members of councils and other 'ruling' bodies would be lazier than ever, with less to do—and the Education Bill would no longer be necessary, as the fact of simply knowing 'how' to read would educate everybody without further trouble.

Dear Sir or Madam,—read! Don't 'skim'! Learn your letters. Study the pronunciation and meaning of words thoroughly first, and then you may proceed to sentences. Gradually you will be able to master a whole passage of prose or poetry in such a manner as actually to understand it. That will be a great thing! And once you understand it, you may even possibly remember it! And then,—no matter how much you may have previously been educated,—your education will only have just begun.



Next week the subject of Miss Marie Corelli's article will be "The Responsibility of the Press"

The Torpedo Destroyer "Decoy," sunk off the Scilly Isles last week during the Manœuvres

An alarming feature of this year's naval manœuvres has been the great number of ships put out of action through accidents. When playing the game of war, great risks must, of course, be taken in the endeavour to ensure full proficiency, and certainly the lessons learnt, during manœuvres, are very valuable

Slightly Incongruous!

"I'm sure, dear, you must be charmed with your artistically furnished home"

"Yes, but I'm dreadfully conscious that poor Augustus does not quite harmonise"

WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE DOING IN JAPAN

THE PROPITIATION OF THE WAR GOD

By MURASAKI AYAMI

(Murasaki Ayami, a Japanese lady, who has just returned to her own country after a stay in England, is acting as the special correspondent of "The Bystander" in Yokohama, sending us, from time to time, accounts of the domestic life during the present conditions—an aspect hitherto quite neglected by the Press)

TOKYO,
July 12.

It spea s volumes for the credit of this country that, with the inborn valour and loyalty of the Japanese, their demonstrations on receipt of news of victory and favourable reports from the front have been absolutely orderly and well-mannered. So far there has been no sign of that rowdyism that has, under similar circumstances, developed in other countries.

By far the most popular patriotic demonstrations here are the lantern, or, as they are sometimes called, the Banzai* processions, when hundreds of people, carrying red and white lanterns, parade the principal streets after dark. Immense ornamental cars on wheels, on which are represented legendary and mythological scenes, also incidents dealing with the war, are dragged by the crowds through the streets, the procession stopping every fifty feet or so to command admiration and applause. In the last lantern procession in one of the big towns, a dashi,† that called forth untold enthusiasm, represented the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. The car was composed entirely of fresh flowers—great mauve and white iris, masses of blue hydrangea, and scarlet and white hybiscus, in the midst of which, standing on a raised daïs, were

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance
Two tiny tots, representing Dai Nippon and Britain, in a patriotic procession

* Banzai corresponds to our "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

† A decorated car.

A Patriotic Procession halting to sing a War Song

Although great enthusiasm is shown, the demonstrations held on receipt of news of victory from the front have been orderly, well-mannered, and quite free from the abuses of "mafficking"

The Principal Girl Actors in the "Bridge Crossing Celebration"

In this play, which was enacted by the students of a large girls' school in Yokohama, ancient traditional legends and topical events were cleverly interwoven. The characters represent from left to right, Shichi Oku Baba (a pawnbroker), the tortoise and crane (emblems of longevity), two bridge-keepers, and Ohina and Uba (the Japanese Darby and Joan)

two dainty girls of nine and twelve, one impersonating Japan with the golden diadem for a rising sun, and the other, Britannia, with a helmet of glimmering silver, and carrying the shield. The first of our illustrations was taken while the charming little tots were waiting for their car.

Patriotic Entertainments

Last week in Yokohama, at a large school for Japanese girls, a celebration was held that, for originality of thought and quaint picturesqueness, has won great praise from those lucky enough to witness it. I append a rough synopsis of the small play which was enacted, called *The Bridge Crossing Celebration*, in which ancient traditional legends and events of the moment were cleverly interwoven. The first scene showed two old bridge-keepers discussing the completion of their magnificent new bridge—a bridge of silver up in the heavens; for it is none other than the Milky Way—numerous floods have destroyed the wooden bridges so repeatedly that the King of the Heavens gave orders that a new one must be constructed in silver, as a baser metal, such as iron, would rust and deluge the lower world dwellers with red rain. As the custom in Japan is for the oldest person in the country to be the first to cross over a bridge when newly opened—thus to ensure the construction long life—the aged keepers are heard speculating as to who the first to cross will be. Enter on the scene, two old figures, Ohina and Uba—the Japanese Darby and Joan, he with a rake over his shoulder and she with a broom—they are about to cross over when a crane appears saying, "Stop, stop, 'tis I that must go first, you cannot out-number me in years, for I can lay claim to a thousand!" "Pooh, a thousand did you say? Ah, that is nothing look at me, I am a million years old—just nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand years your senior, it is I who shall christen this bridge"; so saying, a tortoise,* with wide-fringed tail, enters and is proceeding towards the gate: "Hold, hold, who goes there, who dares to say they can triumph over me in age? I, Hachiman,† with my eight million years, can trample you all underfoot—open the gates for ME, bridge-keeper." A sound of running feet and cries of "Stop, stop!" are heard in the distance, and an evil-looking old woman hurries on the scene; here is introduced an example of that play on words that the Japanese are so fond of indulging in. To this character, created for the occasion, the name of Shichi Oku Baba is given—meaning a woman seven billion years old; Shichi Oku is also the name for a pawnbroker. Hachiman turns and scowlingly demands some explanation from Shichi Oku Baba as to who she is, and why she is there. She falteringly confesses that she is carrying something as a pledge from her master, named Russia, to a charitable person named Britain. A chorus of "Let us see your burden, let us see your burden," breaks from the others, and the old pawnbroker is forced to disclose the contents of her parcel—a golden crown—which, as Hachiman is about to hand to the tortoise, falls to the ground and breaks into a thousand pieces, revealing that it is only made of clay after all; then follow endless discussions and references to the deceit so-called of Russia, references with such adroit turnings, and play upon words and Chinese characters, that it takes a native to follow

* The tortoise and the crane are regarded as emblems of longevity.

† The Japanese Mars, or fierce War God.

At a Japanese Kindergarten: "A Regiment at the Front, with Ambulance Corps in attendance"

The Japanese by these means are instilling into their children some appreciation of the ardent patriotism and self-sacrifice of their menfolk at the front

and appreciate the full subtlety of them all. The scene closes with the crossing over of the bridge by the aged couple, Ohina and Uba.

Chinese Appreciation of Japanese Kindness

Some of the native papers are recounting the following story of an incident which occurred at the time of the cavalry charge at Feng-whang-chang, when so many Cossacks were routed. A particularly fine horse belonging to one of the Russian officers broke away, and ran into a neighbouring village. Here, it was captured by a Chinese farmer, who kept it for a few days and then led it to the Japanese camp, stationed near. He requested to be allowed to see the colonel of the regiment, to whom he handed over the horse, saying he thought it belonged to his company. The colonel examined the horse—a splendid creature—but found it bore a Russian brand, which he showed the farmer, telling him to take the horse back. Thereupon the Chinaman fell on his knees, begging the colonel to accept the animal from him, because he could not take it back to the Russians, for they had so persecuted and abused the Chinese that, apart from his disinclination to render them the least service, his fellow-workers would kill him if they thought he had any sympathy with their oppressors; while, on the other hand, they had received only kindness and fair play from the Japanese, and he wanted to show some recognition for the same, so would the colonel accept and keep for his own this horse. The colonel's attempts at pecuniary remuneration were in vain, the old farmer scorning all offers of money, but, admitting he was hungry. The mess cook was ordered to set before him several bowls of rice and fish, and, before leaving, he was persuaded to accept the colonel's watch, not as a fee, but as a souvenir from a man who, though I am not at liberty to give his name here, is one of Japan's bravest and best officers, and is beloved by all his men.

MURASAKI AYAMI.

A Group of older Children taking part in a Patriotic Celebration

Due prominence is always given in these juvenile celebrations to the Red Cross brigade, a side which, of course, appeals to Japanese girls

THREE POPULAR FAVOURITES In Musical Comedy

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

Miss Camille Clifford

Who has become known to fame as the "Gibson Girl" in *The Prince of Pilsen*

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Daisy Jerome

Who was charming audiences recently at the Palace Theatre, and is now touring the provinces

Photo by *Geo. Garet Charles*

Miss Doris Stocker

Formerly playing in the *Cingalee*, and now in the *Orchid*

OUR SHORT STORY

THE TAME CAT

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes. I'll catch the 10.50 at Waterloo. Don't miss it."

She laughed. He looked at her curiously under the dim lights of the conservatory. He could not have laughed to save his life. He wondered that she could.

"No. I'll be there. Is that someone coming?"

"I don't think so. . . . You'll be very good to me, Tom?"

"Good to you!" The boy was almost choking. "Do you think I could ever be anything else, Evelyn?"

She laughed again; a light, indifferent laugh that rang musically in the silence. He did not notice its indifference.

"You're a dear boy. But it's dreadfully serious, isn't it? There's no going back afterwards. I'm leaving everything for you, Tom."

"Yes, dear. I can't thank you—now. I'm not good at saying things, don't you know. But I'll never forget it. I know I can never make it up to you, but——"

"I must go now, or someone will be starting out to find me. Waterloo—10.50. Good-night, Tom?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her passionately. She made a little resentful movement as he released her, like the fluttering of a ruffled dove. Then she gave a final glance at his white face and smiled—the small Society smile which showed just the becoming gleam of her pretty teeth, and no more. There are so few people in the world who have mastered the art of an artistic smile.

Then she left him, and floated away under the subdued radiance of the lamps with a whisper of shaken silks. The boy she had left stood motionless for a second with his eyes fixed upon the point at which she had disappeared. His face was very grave, and there was a great light in the eyes that followed her departure.

He turned presently with a quick sigh, made his way from the conservatory across the hall, and opening the door softly let himself out into the night. He lingered for an instant before the house, looking up at the lighted windows. Someone struck the keys of a piano into a sudden clash of sound, and a woman's voice rose into the air—a clear, high voice, with that unnecessarily emphatic *vibrato* which the amateur singer mistakes for pathos. Tom Hetherington's knowledge of music was limited. He paused upon the steps and listened with the reverential attention which more cultured people reserve for the first-class stars of grand opera.

The song ceased and he went on, waving away a hansom that bore down upon him. He wanted to walk, to be alone in the quiet gloom of the square. He wanted to think. . . . . So it was over, at last. She was coming. She was ready to give up everything for him, as she had said—her husband, her family, her friends. Was there anyone else in the world who would have done such a thing for him? His eyes were very grave, almost sad. He could not thank her—in words; he was not good at saying things. But he would never forget it—never. He had managed to say that, and he meant it, from the bottom of his heart.

He let himself into his rooms, where Chalmers was waiting for him, a respectable human Sphinx with a slight tendency towards sleepiness. He sent Chalmers to bed, and shut himself into the gorgeous little smoking-room with a cigarette. The gorgeousness of the apartment was not of his own choosing. He remembered, as he looked round it, how she had chosen this, and suggested the other, and declared, in her charmingly autocratic manner, that it was quite imperative he should have that. So he had it—because she said so, not because he cared about it for himself. He was a young man of few and simple tastes, upon whom the millions which he had inherited from an "h-less" grandfather seemed rather thrown away. He did not care about odd Eastern wares with unpronounceable names. He found no pleasure in the contemplation of inlaid work, he was not interested in ancient Persian rugs. The things he cared best for were honest, simple, wholesome things—horses, and dogs, and guns, and the blue, breezy sea breaking into white foam over the bows of his yacht. But, better than all these things, he loved pretty Lady Papillon, with her whims and caprices, and fleeting art enthusiasms. Therefore he had cultivated a superficial acquaintance with these strange subjects that interested her. He grew to be an authority upon the genuineness of hideous china cats with patterns of roses and blue ribbon twining gracefully over their polished backs. He became an adept in shades, and a person whose word was final upon the all-important question of contrasts. Evelyn Papillon told all her friends that he was a dear boy, and so useful, and the friends smiled, having ideas of their own as to his usefulness which they did not confide to her. But they were always particularly civil to Tom Hetherington, for he really was a dear boy, as Evelyn said—and, besides, he had such a lot of money. The Mammon of unrighteousness is not a person who receives many snubs from the daughters of men.

(All right reserved)

Suddenly he slipped behind a truck full of luggage. Two men whom he knew, had come upon the platform. . . . They were in very close and earnest conversation, and Tom could have slipped away, but a name arrested his attention. He hesitated.

So Tom Hetherington talked art-jargons, and wearied before the shrine of mediæval painters with no sense of perspective, and endured Wagner trilogies with a secret consciousness of heroism which deserved a better cause. He was very useful, as Lady Papillon said. A man with several millions of money generally is, especially when he does not happen to realise the value of his millions. Tom Hetherington appraised their value chiefly at the rate at which they provided entertainment for Evelyn Papillon, who found that view of the matter entirely to her taste. All things considered, she made a very good profit on the devotion of Tom Hetherington.

But now it was over; and as he pond red over his

cigarette, he realised for the first time how tiresome it had been. He had been shut up in a cage, he had been living a life altogether foreign to him Now he was free, because he was to take her out of it into the life that he wished to live, and which he had given up for so long for her sake.

Yes, he was free. He looked at the cigarette smoke as it floated quietly over his head, and drew a long breath of relief. The yacht was waiting at Southampton, and before another twenty-four hours were over they would be at sea.

He rose and flung the cigarette away. Unconsciously he drew himself up a little as he stood looking round the dim, richly-tinted room. He realised suddenly how he had hated it all—this life of pretence, of poses, of words that meant nothing, and actions which meant, if possible, less. He would never come back to it again—never. He had done with it once and for all.

. . . . .

It was a dull morning, and a chill wind blew in the shaded streets. Tom Hetherington, whirling towards Waterloo, saw only a prospect of blue skies and sparkling seas. He put up the collar of his coat as he jumped out upon the curb-stone, but that was merely as a matter of caution, and because he did not want to be recognised. In reality, he was quite unconscious of the weather. If anyone had asked him, he would have said it was a beautiful day.

It was 10.35 when he reached the station, and the Southampton train was waiting. He chose a carriage, and tipped the guard to reserve it for him, for it would be rather unpleasant if a mutual acquaintance stepped in at the last moment. Then he began to walk about the platform. There was still nearly a quarter of an hour to wait, and he knew Evelyn Papillon well enough to know that she certainly would not arrive before her time.

Suddenly he slipped behind a truck full of luggage. Two men whom he knew had come upon the platform. They were quite certain to settle on him like flies if they saw him, and he was thankful for any hiding-place. When the platform filled up he would be able to get away unnoticed.

The two men sauntered slowly down the platform until they reached the truck. There, by the usual piece of ill-luck, they decided to stand. They were in very close and earnest conversation, and Tom could have slipped away, but a name arrested his attention. He hesitated.

"It's a tremendous piece of luck for Papillon," the first man said. "Who'd have thought he'd a chance of succeeding with a boy like that? Strong as a house, poor little chap—all the Flamboroughs always were."

"How did it happen?"

"He was climbing a tree—the Duke, I mean—and the bough gave way. He was dead when they picked him up—fell on his head, don't you know. Deuced hard luck too."

"Yes—infernal hard," the other said, regretfully. Perhaps he was thinking of the days when he had initiated the late Duke of Flamborough into the mysteries of cricket, and a vision of an alert little figure in white flannels may have risen before him which lent sincerity to his tone.

"Well—it's good for Papillon, I suppose?"

"Yes—and for his wife. Let's hope she'll learn wisdom—and be careful of the Tame Cat."

"The Tame Cat?" The other's thoughts were manifestly with the poor little dead Duke. "Oh—Hetherington! He's safe enough."

"I don't know. She's been going the pace no end with him lately. I've thought that we should wake up one of these days to find that she had made tracks with him."

"Well, she won't do that now. She'll be Duchess of Flamborough. There's no Tame Cat in the world that will make her give up that."

"No—she told me she'd give anything to be a duchess—it was such a pretty, picturesque kind of title. That was before she married Papillon. I've sometimes thought she had him because he was first cousin to poor little Flamborough."

"Very likely—she always did know which side her bread was buttered."

"Rather!" The other man laughed with a kind of contemptuous admiration "Trust her for that! I pity the Tame Cat."

"When a man's such a fool that he can't see through a woman like Evelyn Papillon, I can't find it in me to pity him. I think I'll get in now. Don't trouble to wait, old man. Ta-ta!"

"Have a good time. Ta ta!"

They went their several ways and Tom Hetherington was left alone. He felt vaguely disturbed, and more than a little indignant. So they thought him a fool! Well, perhaps they would find out their mistake now. What was it they called him—that ridiculous name? The Tame Cat. . . . Tom laughed angrily to himself. A Tame Cat, indeed! What was a Tame Cat? A stray quotation sang tauntingly in his ear:

The harmless, necessary cat.

Lady Papillon's "harmless, necessary cat." Somehow the idea hurt him. It was not a pretty name. It was the less pretty because he knew he had deserved it.

Where in the world was Evelyn? He looked at his watch—it was 10.49. One minute more and she would miss the train. There was a shriek, a puff of white smoke, and the long serpentine thing moved slowly out of the station. She had missed it.

It was provoking, but there was another soon. He walked up and down, waiting. The next train went out and still she did not come. He was getting tired of waiting, and he felt oddly uneasy. The chance words which he had overheard rang persistently in his ears. Why didn't she come—what had happened?

He left the station abruptly, hailed a hansom, and went back to his rooms.

. . . . .

Chalmers was far too well-trained to exhibit any sign of surprise at his return.

"Has there been anything for me, Chalmers? A wire? I—I missed my train, and I thought I'd go down by the afternoon one."

Chalmers' otherwise wooden countenance expressed a cold impassivity which suggested that it was totally unnecessary for Mr. Hetherington to make excuses.

"Yes, sir—certainly. A note came for you not

five minutes ago, sir. I was just going out to post it."

He had the note in his hand—a small, pink note, with an elaborate "E" on the seal Hetherington's heart sank suddenly, and he took it in silence and went into the smoking-room. He tore the pink paper roughly with fingers that shook. There were only half-a-dozen lines written within, and he read them twice over before he moved. Then he threw it on the nearest table and sat down, with a laugh that was almost hysterical.

She had thrown him over—at the last moment. Who would have believed such a thing possible? She had changed her mind. He needn't think it was because she didn't love him, but when it came to the point she couldn't do it. Would he forgive her? She hoped so. She hoped they would always be friends. She hoped—underlined heavily this time—that he would really forgive her, for she was very miserable. And she remained his — was it sincerely or affectionately? He could not tell which.

She couldn't do it—no. She was Duchess of Flamborough. No Tame Cat in the world would make her give up that. He remembered that conversation which he had overheard, and he understood. . . . She hoped they would always be friends. Had they been friends? She hoped he would forgive her—yes, no doubt. She wanted "the harmless, necessary cat" with his millions, though she did not want Tom Hetherington.

He laughed savagely. In that little quarter of an hour his face had changed oddly—the bright, almost boyish face that had never shown a sign of care before. It was drawn, and haggard, and there was an unpleasant light in his eyes. At that moment the Tame Cat did not look at all tame.

Well, there was the yacht at Southampton still. But how lonely it would be! There was the yacht, there was the sea, there were all the things he had loved so much. But it seemed as if all that love had been killed in a moment. What had he to care for now? The yacht was a prison, the sea was a desert.

No, he would not go. He began to walk up and down the room. There was a photograph on the mantelpiece—a photograph of Evelyn Papillon, in a filmy white dress, with a smile on her pretty face.

He took it up and looked at it, and his eyes grew hard.

"The new Duchess of Flamborough," he said to himself.

He put down the smiling photograph.

"Damn her!" he said through his teeth. "She shall come, though. I have not played the Tame Cat, as they call it, for nothing."

. . . . . .

An hour later she was pouring out his tea, and asking how many lumps of sugar she should put in. She had denied herself to the world at large on account of the sad event, etc., etc. She had forgiven him—or he had forgiven her. Which was it? He did not know, because he did not care.

She was far too excited to conceal her feelings. It was dreadfully sad—poor, dear little Anthony. How could they have let him climb that horrid tree? . . . She should give lovely garden parties at Flamborough directly they were out of mourning—the park was simply made for garden parties. . . . She had been crying all the morning—didn't he see how red her eyes were? . . . What a nuisance to have to go into mourning just at the beginning of the season! And black was so unbecoming—she couldn't stand it a bit. Now, Adela Northminster looked so well in it that she always went into the deepest crape when she got a chance, even for distant relatives whom no one had ever heard of. It was an awfully transparent pose, of course, but then her complexion could stand anything. Even soap and water didn't rub it off, it was so well done. . . . George was so cut up—he adored Anthony. She couldn't persuade him to eat any lunch even. . . . Had he ever seen the famous Flamborough diamonds? The old duchess never wore them—she was such a frump. They would be perfectly lovely when they were reset.

So she chattered, rattling the tea-cups. She had quite forgotten her appointment of the morning. She was voluble, charming, heartlessly elated, and childishly hypocritical.

But a devil—of patience—possessed the soul of the Tame Cat.

THE CULT OF THE CARD

[*According to a contemporary, the art of letter writing has been killed by the picture post-card craze.*]

When you left me, Mistress Mabel,
On your continental way,
You averred that, were you able,
You would write me ev'ry day.
To your lover's tribulations
You, you vowed, would bring relief,
But your last communications
Have been not a little brief.

Ev'ry morning, on awaking,
As the bells chime eight o'clock,
I, my cosy couch forsaking,
Listen for the postman's knock.
Woe is me! he doth but leave a
Picture postal card from you,
With a "prospect near Geneva"
Or a "famous Alpine view."

So I trace your continental
Journey onwards day by day,
By the highly ornamental
Cards you send me on the way.
Views of Naples, views of Como,
Views of mountain, lake, or town,
Rôme's St. Peter's, Milan's Duomo,
Marked "best love from yours, M. Brown."

Write me, pray, a proper letter,
Sheets and sheets of paper fill.
Tell me, is your toothache better?
Have you quite thrown off that chill?
How's your father? How's your mother?
Are you happy, dear, and oh!
Tell me, Mabel, lots of other
Things a lover wants to know.

PRIZEWINNERS AT THE WORTHING HORSE SHOW

Miss Violet Haines on her bay mare "Erin," which holds a reputation as the winner of five first prizes

Photos by *Cartwright*

Mr. H. M. Mackusick's chestnut gelding "Up-to-Date," winner of two first prizes in classes for hunters and hacks

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Devils." By J. C. Wall. An illustrated book about the beliefs, legends, and art of Satan and his Satellites. (Methuen: 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A History of Matrimonial Institutions." By Dr. George Elliott Howard. 3 vols. (Fisher Unwin: £2 2*s.* net.)

"A Sketch of Chinese History." By Dr. F. L. Hawks Pott, President of St. John's College, Shanghai. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Oracle of Maddox Street." By Mrs. L. T. Meade. (Ward Lock: 5*s.*)

"The Golden Bowl." By Henry James. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Princess Passes." By Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Books to Appear Shortly

Spain is making arrangements for a magnificent celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of "Don Quixote," and doubtless there will be some echo of their enthusiasm over here, even if it only takes the form of a boom in Cervantes reprints. Already one new edition of "Don Quixote" is announced—Motteux's well-known translation, with Lockhart's life and notes, which Messrs. Bell are adding, in two volumes, to their "York Library." It would be interesting to know how many editions of "Don Quixote" have been published since Cervantes leaped into fame with it in 1604, after that remarkable career which had found him still a failure at fifty-eight. The swiftness of the book's success was extraordinary when one considers the condition of the book trade in those days. Three or four editions—"four at least," says Navarette, though the exact number seems uncertain—were bought up as fast as they could be printed. There is a story told to the effect that Philip III., watching from the balcony of his palace in Madrid one day, not long after the book was published, noticed that a student, who stood reading a volume in the street, was constantly striking himself on the forehead and giving vent to bursts of laughter. "That student," remarked the King, "is either out of his mind or he is reading 'Don Quixote,'"—and "Don Quixote" the book was subsequently discovered to be. Shelton's translation was published in England only a few years later, and other editions—numbering, it is estimated, not far short of two hundred altogether—have since appeared in all the modern languages. At least one hundred and fifty reprints have been published in Spain alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Workman, who have collaborated in several very readable books on their travels in out of the way parts of the world—"In the Ice World of Himalaya," "Sketches a-wheel in Fin-de-Siècle Iberia," among others—have just completed another volume entitled, "Through Town and Jungle." This is a record of their experiences during a cycle journey of over 14,000 miles through India, in the course of which the authors traversed the whole length of that Empire, from its extreme south to far into Kashmir, and the whole width from Calcutta to the Arabian Sea. Their mode of travel led them to see a very different side of India and Indian life from that which presents itself to the average tourist. Hundreds of photographs of types, temples, and scenery were secured, and it is from these that the book has been illustrated. Mr. Fisher Unwin will be the publisher.

Two books in honour of Tommy Atkins are to come from Messrs. Methuen shortly. One is entitled, "God and Our Soldiers," and is written by an Army chaplain, the Rev. Paul Bull, who has endeavoured to show the best side of a soldier's life. Especially is he anxious to redeem from forgetfulness the splendid discipline and chivalrous conduct of our troops during the South African war. The chaplain also gives his own experiences with General French's cavalry on the march, in battle, in the Boer lines, and on hospital duty. The second work is a volume of "Anecdotes of British Soldiers," edited by Mr. J. H. Settle, who gives over 1,500 stories of British soldiers in peace and war. Here will be found the "essence of valour" of seven hundred years of fighting, from the time of Richard I. to the close of the Boer campaign.

It is a little curious that two new volumes, which Messrs. Routledge are about to add to their "Half Forgotten Books," should both be by women novelists who dabbled in the supernatural. Mrs. Radcliffe, whose "Romance of the Forest"—which made its first appearance as long ago as 1791—is to be one of the forthcoming reprints, deserves this revival as the founder of a school of fiction in which she has never been surpassed, except, perhaps, by Edgar Allan Poe. In her novels, however, the supernatural is always naturally explained in the end; but Mrs. Crowe, whose "Night Side of Nature" is to follow "The Romance of the Forest," was a thoroughgoing believer in ghosts, and her "Night Side" is one of the best collections of supernatural stories ever published.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Novelists and the Drama

"The theatre is the gold mine," wrote R. L. S. many years ago, at a time when he was vainly hopeful of winning success as a dramatist. Almost without exception, and despite an enormous proportion of failures, the novelists of to-day seem to be of Stevenson's opinion. The writers of fiction who have not attempted to gain the ear of the play-going public will soon be a mere handful of unenterprising persons. Mr. H. G. Wells is the latest, who has somewhat tardily staked out a claim in the dramatic goldfields, having written a comedy which Mr. James Walsh is to produce. Mr. Zangwill's *Merely Mary Ann*, already successful in America, is to be presented in London early next month; Mr. Max Pemberton had a play running quite recently, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs, who is not a stranger to the theatre, has been engaging himself with a further dramatic effort, to be called, I believe, *Beauty and the Barge;* but although it sounds incredible, Mr. J. M. Barrie has no play running at a London theatre just now! It is not long since he was filling the bill at no less than three playhouses, and to him, indeed, has the theatre been a gold mine. Mr. Anthony Hope, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. Tom Gallon, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and many others of our popular novelists have endeavoured, with varying success, to infuse new blood into the Drama, which the critics are always telling us is in a shockingly low state of vitality.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome

Known to everybody as the author of "Three Men in a Boat" and "Paul Kelver," and now one of our most successful dramatists

The Theatre a Gamble

Even our lady novelists, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, "John Oliver Hobbes," "John Strange Winter," and "George Fleming," have tried their hands at playwriting, the last-mentioned of these ladies of masculine disguise having a new play almost ready for production at this moment. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the theatre is a far greater gamble than the novel, for even when an author of established reputation produces a book that is not in his best vein, he may still reckon on a certain measure of success; but in the case of playwriting no amount of reputation will induce the public to accept a piece that does not strike its fancy. Of the novelists above mentioned, perhaps Mr. Jerome would rank next to Mr Barrie as a successful dramatist, though Mr. Hall Caine must have derived handsome revenues from the stage versions of his novels. Mr. Jerome has not given us a new play for some time, and his next work—promised to appear in a week or two—is a novel, "Tommy and Co.," a title that reminds us of two books by Mr. Barrie.

The Feckless Author

Although I am far from agreeing with Mr. H. G. Wells in the critical estimate of the late George Gissing's work, which he wrote as a preface to that novelist's posthumous story, "Veranilda," and which, having been rejected by Mr. Gissing's literary executors, appears in the current *Monthly Review*, it does seem to me that his remarkable insight into character has enabled him to place his finger on the secret of Gissing's somewhat ineffectual career:

> It is not that he was a careless man (says Mr. Wells), he was a most careful one; it is not that he was a morally lax man, he was almost morbidly the reverse. . . . He never entirely grasped the spirit of everyday life, so that he, who was so copiously intelligent in the things of the study, misunderstood, blundered, was nervously diffident, and wilful and spasmodic in common affairs.

In a word, he considers that Gissing was cursed by a "curious inability to do the sane, secure thing." I am acquainted with not one, but several literary men of very conspicuous ability to whom this criticism would apply in every detail. In the common affairs of life, which, so far as social comfort and personal happiness are concerned, are also the most essential, these men are "feckless" and inept. I do not believe this is a trait of character peculiar to those of the "artistic temperament," for it will explain the great mass of our social failures in almost every walk

of life, after we have excluded that greater mass whose unhappiness has been caused by drink. Whenever I have inquired into the reasons for the poverty of a man of genuine literary ability—and it is a matter I claim to have studied—I have found this same "curious inability to do the sane, secure thing."

Titled Lady Novelists

The list of ladies of title who have written novels must be a very long one, and I have certainly no intention of attempting to compile it. Are we not all novelists in these days? As Mr. Dooley observed, in every happy home throughout the land there is someone "plugging away at a novel" just now! But I am tempted to make a note of some interesting personal details concerning two lady novelists, with whose work I confess to a very slight acquaintance. It was only the other month that I had occasion to review in a very favourable way an excellent historical romance, "His Eminence," by Lady Helen Forbes, issued in March, by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, as a new work, I believe. I have since found, to my surprise, that the novel is really six years' old, and I should like to know how Mr. Nash explains this. Lady Helen Forbes is a daughter of the third Earl of Craven, and was married in 1901 to Captain Ian Forbes, of the Gordon Highlanders. Her home is at Rothiemay Castle, Banffshire, and she is well known in Scottish Society as a sportswoman. Although she began writing at the age of eleven, her first book was published only seven years ago, and she has written, in all, three novels in addition to "Notes of a Music Lover." Curiously enough, there is another lady novelist, whose husband is also a captain in the Gordon Highlanders, the Honourable Mrs. Walter Forbes. It is well-nigh twenty years since her first novel, "Fingers and Fortune," was published, and two years ago her latest book, "Unofficial," had very favourable notice. The Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes, whose husband is a son of the late Baron Forbes, resides at Kinaldie, Aberdeenshire.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes

A new photograph of the author of "Unofficial" and other novels

Mrs. Olivia Shakespear

In a certain literary weekly, which is continually lecturing people for the most trivial mistakes, I noticed the other day a review of Mrs. Olivia Shakespear's new novel, "The Devotees,' wherein the reviewer spoke of the author as "Mr. Shakespear" and "he." Surely a journal which exists entirely for the reviewing of books and the recording of literary news should have been acquainted with the personality of this very accomplished lady novelist. It is true that Mrs. Shakespear is not a writer who lives continually in the eye of the public, but during the last ten years she has written several books of real distinction, "Love on a Mortal Lease," which appeared in 1894, being alone sufficient to mark her out from the ruck of modern feminine novelists. Mrs. Shakespear, who is a lady of much personal charm, is the younger daughter of the late Major-General Henry Tucker, C.B., and in 1885 she married Mr H. Hope Shakespear. Perhaps she is to blame in this instance for the confusion, and it would be well if lady writers would always give their Christian names in full on their title-pages instead of initials only.

Mr. Zangwill's Press Cuttings

The late Major Pond, in his oddly interesting book, "Eccentricities of Genius," gave some amusing reminiscences of Mr. Israel Zangwill, whose new play is sure to be widely noticed. When the Major visited him at his home in London, he asked the novelist if he had saved press notices of his various books:

> He took me into the adjoining room (wrote the famous lecture agent) and lifted the lid of a trunk which was stuffed full of Press cuttings, with the Romeike attachments (there must have been £100 worth). He had been in the habit of throwing them promiscuously into the trunk and pressing them down or stamping upon them, until it looked like a trunk packed full of old waste paper or refuse packing material.

I think I have noticed that same trunk at Mr. Zangwill's home in Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood—in which street, by the way, Tom Hood lived—but that was in the days when Mr. Zangwill was still faithful to the bond of "The Bachelors' Club," and now that he has gone into "Double Harness"—to use the title of Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel—we can imagine that Mrs. Zangwill will not tolerate that sort of thing! It suggests, however, a trait of character one can admire. Mr. Zangwill is too honestly engrossed in his literary work to care very much about what the critics have to say of him.

CONCERNING GENERAL FRENCH

(NO. 38 OF THE SERIES)

There is still a good deal of dispute among civilians, and a certain amount among soldiers as to the nature of the lessons which the Boer War taught the Army. Some say it has revolutionised everything, from strategy to chin-straps. Some say it taught nothing that would be of use in European campaigning, except the wisdom of having a spare tin-opener. But one lesson the war certainly did impress upon the Army and everybody else. It taught us all to know French.

As to the utility of cavalry in modern fighting, few soldiers feel quite so settled a conviction as that of the young officer in the 10th Hussars, who, when asked the question, replied that the use of cavalry was to give tone to what would otherwise be a mere vulgar brawl. But few would hesitate to admit that, for the purposes of the peculiar work that De Wet and Delarey set the Army to do in South Africa, Sir John Denton Pinkstone French was the man. Keeping one's own troops, and somebody else's as well, perpetually on the run is an even harder thing to do than it sounds. Men are only human, and horses are not even that. Sir John French owes much of his success to his power of forgetting this great truth, and persuading the men and the horses to forget it also, until the point of absolute break-down is arrived at.

The historic work of General French, however, was his relief of Kimberley, and his defence of the position at Colesberg. There was a good deal of the theatre about the dash of the cavalry to Kimberley right through the Boers' line, though it was admirable soldiering of its kind. And then, Mr. Rhodes was inside. So that this operation is probably the one which the civilian best remembers in French's record. But it was the three months of unceasing work in front of Colesberg, in which French manœuvred with his little force over a twenty-mile front so as to baffle, confuse and check a force from three to five times as large—it was this extraordinary piece of campaigning which gave to French his fame as the great cavalry soldier of the war and trained his staff and his men for the coming time when they were no longer to be on the defensive.

That this all-important task was ever carried out at all was owing principally to the pluck of an engine driver and to the persuasive powers of a lieutenant of Hussars, French's aide-de-camp at the time when he was with Sir George White in Ladysmith at the beginning of the war. The Boers were closing in on the place, and it was clear that Sir George was not going to have the least use of a dashing leader of cavalry—though nobody then dreamed of the unpleasant, though indispensable, part which horses were to play in the commissariat of the besieged. French, then, was to leave Ladysmith and report himself to Sir Redvers Buller at Cape Town. But when Lieutenant—now Captain Sir John—Milbanks sought the stationmaster to arrange for a train to run down to Pietermaritzburg, that official smiled at the proposal, and said it was madness. The lieutenant conceded the point, but explained that it was the safest plan to humour madness of this kind; and that, anyhow, the train must go. So General French's special moved out of the town in the evening, just as the Boer ring was closing. Bullets rattled on the carriages, and the enemy almost made a capture that would have been worth many successful engagements to them. But the engine driver went on, and got through with the last train that was to pass down the line for close upon five months.

Sir John is one of the men who do not find rest necessary. He takes it now and then, in order not to seem singular; but he does not care about it. In South Africa he saw as little of the inside of a bed as most men, though he went through the war without a break, almost from the time of the late Mr. Kruger's extremely unwise ultimatum.

Another thing about Sir John that has done a good deal to raise him to eminence is the fact that he does not worry. He can put things out of his mind when the time comes to knock off work. He is clear-headed and far-seeing; has a wonderful way of jumping to the right conclusion as to what should be done when something serious suddenly develops; and rather enjoys danger—thereby losing all claim, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has demonstrated, to be regarded as a really brave man.

He is both admired and liked by officers and men who have served with him, in spite of the fact that his temper is just a little on the warm side. Yet he has his detractors—or he had: and a very pretty piece of business these same detractors nearly managed to do for the Empire; for when French, then a Brigadier commanding the First Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot, was appointed to command the Cavalry Division for South Africa, it was done in the face of strong opposition from certain senior officers, who objected to him on the ground of "inefficiency to command in the field." This sounds absurd, but it is true.

He is an Irishman, like so many of our best soldiers. He began by serving in the Navy, like Sir Evelyn Wood and some others. He entered the Army through the militia, and his not very imposing physical proportions were suited by a commission in one of the three regiments which rejoice in the nick-name of the "Dumpies"—the 19th Hussars. He was an excellent regimental officer, did good service at Abu Klea and Metemmah and put in a year or two at the War Office.

There are very few stories told about him; and that, in these days, is a distinction in itself. But he has made a very respectable little bit of history as the finest leader of horse, wearing the King's uniform.

"The Hustler" at Play

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON PARLIAMENT, THE L.C.C., AND THE DULL SEASON

Parliament Prorogued

When all is said and done, it is hard to see what we should do without Parliament. I am not speaking of Parliament now in its executive and legislative aspect, deprived of which we should be in as undesirable a position as Andaman Islanders or the inhabitants of Kentucky, I am speaking of it in its sensational aspect. People do not realise this aspect of Parliament enough. They call its proceedings dull. So they are in a manner of speaking. Most of them are duller, for example, than a bull-fight. Few of them are so lively as the turns at a music-hall. This is proved by the demand for strangers' tickets, which is not overwhelming.

A Felt Want

Yet, when Parliament is prorogued, most of us feel that something — as the novelists say—has gone out of our lives. It may be something not particularly important—something, moreover, which we know will return in due session. In the meantime we miss it, thereby unconsciously conceding to Members the tribute of our interest. For, whether we are a nation of politicians or no, Parliament is still the centre of our most permanent interest. A war in the Far East, or a white whale in the Scottish lochs, only attracts our attention in a secondary degree. Accounts of these are well enough in their way; they do not, and never will, vie with Parliament in affording us themes for national gossip.

The Dullness of the Vacation

I maintain, in short, that the weeks during which no Irish Member has a chance of being named, during which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman cannot be described as pawky, during which Mr. Winston Churchill has no chance of making half-a-dozen brilliant little speeches in an hour, are the dullest of the whole year. It is just as well that we have excursion tickets, and escapes from death by drowning, and possibilities of our identity being mistaken, to entertain us during this weary time which we call the vacation. Otherwise, we should be truly vacant.

Across the Channel

The public is not aware how much editors are doing to relieve the tedium of the holidays. Take for example the Channel Swimming Competition But for the enterprise of certain editors who shall be nameless there might be no such competition, and our seaboard might be lined with listless holiday-seekers who wonder why they came there. As it is, all these visitors take an interest in the Channel. They do not all approve of the competitions perhaps. Some critics are inclined to deny that any useful purpose is served by attempts to swim across the Channel. They maintain that the ability to perform such a swim could benefit very few people, even if they possessed it. If a man fell into the sea at Margate, they say, he would not strike out for the coast of France; he would breast his way through the waves towards Margate. This is rather captious. The hypothetical person might be drifted away from Margate, and compelled to make for France. Or he might fall off a liner in Mid-Atlantic, and have to swim a still further distance. In any case, though such competitions may not benefit swimmers, they benefit pressmen, and enable them to sell a large amount of information for a ha'penny, thus indirectly, of course, benefitting the world at large.

A Dialogue of Tibet

Judging by the reports from Lhasa, the Tibetans must have based their *pour-parlers* with the English Mission upon a study of Ollendorf. The resultant dialogue might be set down somewhat after this fashion:

Colonel YOUNGHUSBAND: Where is the Dalai Lama?

TIBETANS: We do not know. But here is the cousin of an Amban, and also the great-uncle of a Shape.

Colonel YOUNGHUSBAND: Have you authority to treat with me regarding the indemnity which must be exacted?

TIBETANS: No. But it is permitted to your forces to use the pump at the left-hand corner of the high street, for drawing water.

Colonel YOUNGHUSBAND: Unless I am immediately confronted with envoys prepared to make terms, I shall——

TIBETANS: Hush, if you please. The rent of a house for the autumn months will be many yen.

And so forth. They are a curious people—the Tibetans—and it is no wonder that their rulers, the Dalai Lamas, die young as a rule.

A London Letter

The Marylebone Borough Council has seized the opportunity afforded by the fine weather to give several coats of oil-paint to the bronze statue of Lord George Bentinck. Only one colour has, however, been used, so the statue still remains less realistic than some of the waxworks in Madame Tussaud's. Another instance of municipal energy is given by the London County Council which has

placed a tablet marking the house where Lord Beaconsfield was born. Lord Beaconsfield himself—it seems—said he was born in three different places; but the L.C.C. very rightly considers this to have been an exaggeration, and that henceforth he must have been born at this house, and this only. There is a good deal of evidence in support of the L.C.C.'s view.

For Chantrey Trustees

"Sign-writer, gilder, etc., wants situation. Will fill up time as painter." Here is a chance for the Chantrey Trustees to acquire a picture which shall satisfy the requirements of their suggested future overlords — the Charity Commissioners. Artists are saying, by the way, that Charity Commissioners cover many sins. MINIMUS.

Pleasures on the Roof of the World

"The Matterhorn is a grand place, but for pleasure give me Primrose Hill"

(Extract of a letter from Paterfamilias in Switzerland)

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

Broader Roads

I am glad to see that, at the request of the Roads Improvement Association, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., is going to move the following resolution in the House:

> That in view of the very large expenditure on street improvements by local authorities in setting back the frontages of existing buildings for the purpose of street widenings, it is desirable to place some limit on that expenditure by widening trunk roads, and particularly those passing through the suburban areas of large towns, before building operations commence, and that, in the opinion of this House, legislation should be introduced by the Government to provide that no new building shall be erected within fifty feet of the centre of a trunk road, the local authority paying suitable compensation for unoccupied land within the existing fences.

If only Parliament could be induced to spend money in acquiring now enough land to widen our main roads; even if millions were expended, it would in the end be an economical and sound policy. Cheap, easy transit is one of the great factors of commercial prosperity; and the petrol motor, even in its present state of development, is a marvellously efficient machine, and possesses great commercial possibilities. It is surely the better policy to give it room to develop, rather than to curtail its use and hamper its application to business purposes by saying that our present roads are too narrow and unsuitable, and doing nothing to remedy the matter.

Cheaper Tyres

Comforting words to all of us who motor, unless we are at the same time shareholders in the "inflated" Dunlop Company. The two chief tyre patents expire in October, and, besides the royalty, which will of course be taken off, there are evidences of increased competition: Michelin et Cie., of Paris, and another Continental firm, being prepared to make a bold bid for the English market. The cost of the best rubber and sound workmanship will not, however, enable the manufacturers to sell a good reliable tyre at much below current French prices; still, to get tyres without paying the royalty will be a relief. Don't buy any new covers for the next two months.

Toujours la Politesse

Although I am aware that the number of motorists who do drive in a careless way is quite limited, yet I would suggest that a little more consideration during the summer holidays would not be amiss. While on tour, go a little slower through the towns and villages, remembering always that even now, in many country places, the inhabitants do not know how wonderfully under control a modern car is; lacking that knowledge, they consider the progress of a car through their streets as dangerous. Especially, too, would I ask motorists, who happen to be staying at our seaside resorts, to refrain from travelling up and down the front at anything but the most moderate speed. While on this subject, let me quote from a letter I recently received from a lady:

> A large number of my friends, who came to my garden party at ——, complained of the terrible dust raised by some motors which passed them at a high rate of speed. Motorists might slow up if they see ladies in their best frocks and hats driving in open carriages to some function.

Well, I agree with her—remember, we are still in a transition stage, and a little courtesy does no harm.

Here and There

A new tonneau Oldsmobile, which Messrs. Jarrott and Letts are placing in the market at £210, seems good value for the money; it carries four, develops 9 h.-p., is silent, fast, and easy to drive.

The three-cylinder Argyle has broken the end to end record, travelling from John o' Groats to Land's End in 42 hours 5 minutes, beating the previous record by three and a half hours; this is distinctly good. The motor-cycle record for the same distance has also been recently broken by Harold Williamson on a 3½ h.-p. Rex. To accomplish a journey of 886 miles over greasy roads in 48 hours 36 minutes is a real endurance test for both man and machine.

The Seal Motor Company did well in the motor-boat trials, securing a gold medal from the Automobile Club and Mr. Campbell Muir's prize. Their boat did a non-stop run of over 101 knots in twenty-

hours, averaging quite five knots per hour at a cost, per knot, of ·31*d.* If any of my readers want a reliable, economical boat they should look in at the company's works, Oil Mill Lane, Hammersmith.

General Booth's trip seems to be progressing satisfactorily. The cars the party are using are the 12 h.-p. Wolseley (Dunlops), 24 h.-p. Belsize (Continentals), 20 h.-p. Humber (Michelins), 15 h.-p. Talbot (Clipper-Michelins). The General's mobility appears, however, to have been hampered by several breakdowns. It would be interesting to know which of the cars have been giving trouble.

Police Traps

I again renew my offer to forward a copy of this paper for twelve weeks gratis to any motorist caught in a regular police trap, other than those mentioned already, provided that he will at once send me particulars of the trap for insertion in order that this list may be made as complete as possible; meanwhile

RUN DEAD SLOW

Between Bridgend and Cowbridge.

Just after Uxbridge, travelling from London.

At Lexden, near Colchester.

All round Chorley, Lancashire.

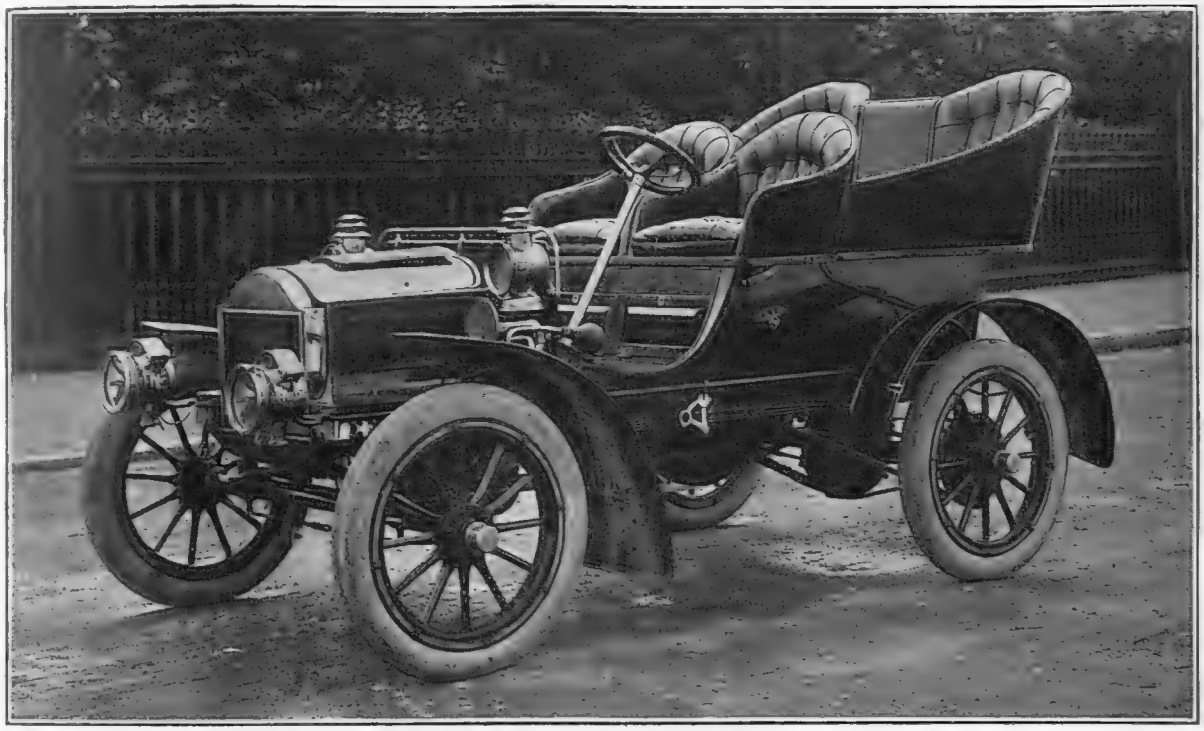
At Marton, between Coventry and Southam.

Hounslow Heath, running from Staines to London.

Answers to Correspondents

As the following letter is typical of many motorists requirements, I print it *in extenso* with my answer.

DEAR SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would kindly advise me as to what four-cylinder car of about 16 h.-p. would be suitable for me to buy. My requirements are silence, absence of vibration, simplicity, and reliability, as I run the car myself, a groom cleaning it. Top speed required, twenty-five miles per hour; magneto ignition and solid tyres on rear wheels, if they will not detract from the quietness and smooth running of the car. I do not wish to give more than about £600, and am willing to buy either new or second-hand. If you do not consider solid tyres suitable, which would you recommend, Martin or Palmer? I have a 10 h.-p. Albion car at present, which is very suitable; and if they made a four-cylinder car, I should certainly buy one, but they only make two-cylinder cars. I suppose that none of the spring wheels are yet sufficiently tested for everyday use?—Yours faithfully, E. S. WILMOT-SITWELL.



The New 9 h.-p. Oldsmobile, with Removable Tonneau. Cost price new, £210

Special care has been taken to ensure accessibility and ease of adjustment of all working parts, and the car is silent, fast, and easy to drive, a combination of qualities which should find for it a ready sale

[Taking the question of tyres first—I would recommend pneumatics, either Clincher-Michelin, Palmer, Clipper-Continentals, or Dunlops, all these are good. Pneumatics stop vibration, lengthen the life of the car, and amply repay the little extra attention they require; get them fully strong enough, keep them well pumped, use strong inner tubes, and fit nail removers—there are some ingenious and promising types of spring wheels, but I should wait until they have been on the market a little longer. With regard to the type of four-cylinder car at about £600, I would recommend a Renault (magneto and high-tension ignition), Clement, Talbot, Argyle, or Gladiator. They are all real good stuff, and properly made by firms who have had experience, and there is very little to choose between them. These four-cyclinder cars, however, do more like forty miles on the top speed, but could, however, easily be throttled down, and the extra power used only for hill climbing.]

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Mills Aluminium "Duplex" Clubs

Most of my readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the Mills Aluminium Golf Clubs. Mr. Mills, whose main business in life is, strange to say, not golf, is extremely interested in all that pertains to the game, and has devoted a great deal of time and ingenuity to evolving an aluminium-headed club, as near perfection as possible. Mr. Mills's first invention was, if I mistake not, a putter, which received a splendid send-off by the admirable use Mr. Hilton made of one in the Amateur Championship at Sandwich in 1900. After that no one's bag of clubs was complete without a Mills putter, a weapon which held its own very well indeed, both Braid and Mr. Blackwell using one this year at Sandwich. The advent of the Travis or Schenectady putter has, of course, somewhat disturbed the balance of power, but there are still many golfers who swear by the old Mills putter, more especially for a long run up putt. Mr. Mills next devoted his inventive mind to the study of approach clubs, and soon brought out a set of aluminium baffies of varying degrees of loft, by means of which he hoped to make the approach game easier to those who had got into difficulties with their iron clubs. Being myself at one time on very bad terms with my iron family, I played with a set of Mr. Mills's clubs, and found them most useful.

And their Adaptability

Many players still keep one or two of these clubs in their bags, and two of my friends use a Mills lofter for certain shots with most deadly accuracy. Having got to this point, Mr. Mills, like Alexander, ever seeking for fresh worlds to conquer, put on his thinking-cap and meditated on the possibility of making a club which might serve both as a right and left-handed club, and so obviate the necessity of having an extra left-handed club for playing awkward shots. This club has recently been brought out, and has been appropriately named the "Duplex." Like many other inventors, Mr. Mills found that he had "builded better than he knew." For this duplex club has been found to be so perfectly balanced, the shaft being in the centre line of the head, that Mr. Mills, instead of only using it as a left-handed club, soon took it into play for all his iron shots. These clubs are made in four degrees of loft, numbered 1, 1½, 2, and 2½; No. 1 corresponding to a cleek, 1½ to an iron, 2 to an ordinary mashie, and 2½ to a very lofted one. I have tried Nos. 1½ and 2, and have found them both admirable clubs for full iron or mashie approaches. They seem to look at the ball in a very comfortable way, and are certainly beautifully balanced, while the line of head between the two faces serves as an excellent guide for the angle of line. I would certainly recommend golfers to give them a trial, my personal preference being for No. 1½, the substitute for an iron.

The Mills Centre-Shafted Putter

As I have said above, the Mills putter had its nose rather put out of joint by the miraculous doings of the Schenectady instrument in the hands of Mr. Travis. The moment was critical, but Mr. Mills is the man for emergencies, and he very soon brought out a putter on somewhat similar lines, but with two essential differences. Mr. Mills's putter has a parallel face instead of a curved upper edge, like the American club, and it is finished in black bronze, like the old Mills putters, and so is less liable to catch the eye than the white metal Travis putter. It is rather a misnomer to call these clubs "centre-shafted," because the shaft is not in the centre of the head, but more towards the heel. The Schenectady putter has a good deal of loft on it, but the Mills putter has just the ordinary straight face, though no doubt anyone who likes a laid-back putter could have one of the Mills centre-shafted putters made on those lines. By those who like the new-fangled shape, the Mills club will, no doubt, be found to be an improvement on the Schenectady, and from that point of view I can highly recommend them, as I have tried both the American club and Mr. Mills's latest invention, and of the two I immensely prefer the latter. But I have grave doubts whether this style of putter is going to find permanent favour with golfers. There seem to me to be two disadvantages in a putter constructed in this way. It is very difficult to find out the exact spot on the face with which to hit the ball.

And its Characteristics

We were all told at Sandwich that their main advantage was that it did not matter with what part of the face you hit the ball, the result would be the same, a straight putt. That is mere moonshine, and reminds me of the claim made on behalf of the bulger by the lamented Mr. Henry Lamb, its inventor, that the bulge corrected slicing and pulling. If you do not hit the ball with the proper part of the face of these centre-shafted putters, the result is extremely disconcerting, either woeful shortness or execrable length. The second drawback is that the shaft gets in the line of sight and catches the eye. However, others may have less easily diverted eyes than I have, and if that be so they will find the Mills "Centre-Shafted" Putter a very useful club, and a distinct improvement on the weird weapon with which the American David slew the British Goliaths.

Ernest Lehmann

CRICKET: THE FIRST SEVEN BATSMEN OF THE YEAR

Tyldesley (Lancs.)

Hayward (Surrey)

A. O. Jones (Notts)

PLAYERS AND RUNS

	Runs.
K. S. Ranjitsinhji	1724
Tyldesley	2083
C. B. Fry	2318
A. O. Jones	1738
Iremonger	1908
Hayward	2673
Quaife	1587

AVERAGES

Inn.	Most in an Inns.	Aver.
26	207	82.09
32	225	74.39
34	226	72.43
33	187	62.07
32	272	61.54
49	203	60.75
34	200	54.72

"Ranji," The Prince of Batsmen

C. B. Fry (Sussex)

Quaife, W. G. (Warwick)

Iremonger (Notts)

CRICKET: LANCASHIRE v. MIDDLESEX AT LORD'S

G. W. Beldam, batting to Heap's bowling

It will be remembered that Beldam scored 119, the highest score in the match. A great deal of interest was taken in this match as Lancashire has proved so invincible this season, not having lost a match

Kermode

A bowler who, if his average is not equal to that of Cuttell, his colleague, has put in some good work for Lancashire this season

R. H. Spooner

The batsman whose fine consistent play throughout the season has been such a factor in Lancashire's success

Lancashire go in after the rain

Fortunately for Lancashire's proud record of not having lost a match this season, rain intervened, and the match with Middlesex, which had every appearance of ending in defeat, was drawn

CROQUET: THE CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON

Mrs. Richards

Mr. R. C. J. Beaton

Miss Rowley

Three players who distinguished themselves in the play for the Championships

Miss Gower playing in the Mixed Doubles Championship

LAWN TENNIS AT HOME

THE DERBYSHIRE CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BUXTON

The Buxton Tournament: Grand view of the Courts during the play for the Finals

The Open Singles Championship Final was contested by E. V. Jones, of Shropshire, and W. V. Eaves, the latter proving victorious

The lawn tennis season is fast approaching its end, and tournament committees are congratulating themselves on the splendid summer we have had. Buxton Tournament was no exception to its predecessors either in the matter of weather or entries. G. W. Hillyard had his revenge on A. F. Wilding by beating him in the Open Singles, only to fall heavily to E. V. Jones, from Shropshire, in the semi-final. Jones, on the other hand, who is a brilliant but erratic player, was beaten thoroughly by W. V. Eaves in the final. Miss D. K. Douglass, the English Lady Champion, won the Ladies' Championship of Derbyshire for the second time, defeating Miss Ethel Thomson by 2 sets to 1, after an interesting match.

Photos by *Henry Walker*

The Final of the Ladies' Singles for the Championship of Derbyshire at Buxton

Miss Thomson (nearest figure) outplayed Miss Douglass in the second set, but could not last, and was beaten by 2 sets to 1

LAWN TENNIS ABROAD

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT OSTEND

The result of the final play in the International Tennis Tournament at Ostend last week was a double win for England. Mr. J. G. Ritchie, who was in splendid form, won the Gentlemen's Open Singles, and beat P. de Borman by 3 sets to 1, the score being, 6—4, 6—8, 6—4, 6—0, while Miss E. Lane beat Mlle. M. Trasenster, the best lady player in Belgium, in the Ladies' Open Singles by 6—0, 6—1. As both Mr. Ritchie and Miss Lane have each won the Ostend Cup twice before, they now become their permanent possessors. A very large assembly witnessed the play, and during the early part of the afternoon De Borman seemed to stand an excellent chance of winning. The Ostend entry is a large one, and is growing every year. The tournament is very cosmopolitan, entries including players from America, Germany France, and Belgium, as well as there being always a large English contingent, who, by the bye, usually manage to carry off most of the important events.

Cosmopolitan Ostend

Mlle. von Hoobroeck, of Belgium (facing the camera), just before her match with Miss Vera Warden, of America (seen in profile)

Mr. E. R. Hodson

A well-known member of the English colony at Brussels, who acted as the Hon. Referee at the Ostend Tournament

Photos by

Mlle. Trasenster (the Belgium Lady Champion)

Who was beaten by Miss Lane, this event securing a Double Win for England

Menaham

M. J. G. Ritchie (England) and P. de Borman (Belgium) resting

Ritchie beat De Borman and became the definite owner of the Ostend Cup. Mr. E. R. Hodson is seen walking over to the courts

YACHTING AND SAILING: THE BURNHAM WEEK

"Jack Straw" (owner, Mr. J. E. Castle) wins the Handicap for Yachts under seven tons. "Triangle" (owner, Mr. C. H. Holland) was second

"White Heather" loses her rudder and has to be towed in

"Chittabob" (owners, Messrs. Elphinstone and Firth) comes in third

The Connoisseur.

A Catalogue *de luxe*

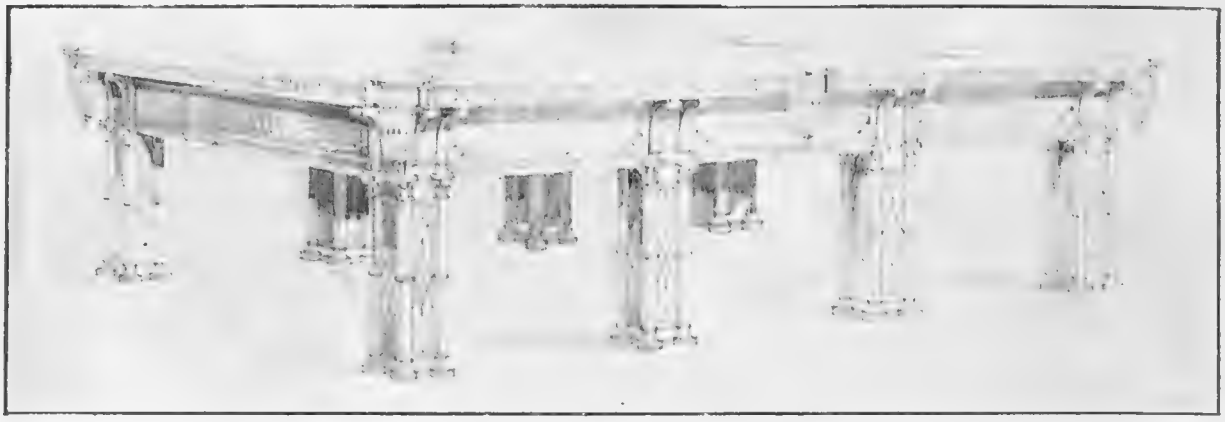
After some three generations of conspicuously bad taste in household decoration and a decade or so of rather feeble tentative effort, we may consider that in England we have, at last, regained something of the dignified and simple beauty which made the eighteenth century work in this direction so completely satisfying and valuable.

With the intention, we imagine, of bringing this home to the minds of those interested in the subject, Messrs. Gillows, of Oxford Street, have produced a volume of those examples of furniture and decoration which are the fine flower of their centuries of work and cultivated study.

The book is admirably printed, and illustrated in a way that makes it a really valuable work of reference to all those who care to study the rise and development of the art and craft of furniture during its more sophisticated periods, from, say, the coffer of the Italian Renaissance to the latest adaptation of a Georgian bracket to the sweet uses of electric light. Some three hundred pages of this catalogue *de luxe* are illustrated with excellent reproductions of photographs of pieces of cabinet work, many of which are originals, but more of which are wonderfully clever copies of the productions of other days.

Perhaps the best examples given are those of the French periods of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., which, if it is not a question of outlay, are not remarkably difficult to copy. But Messrs Gillows have made a particular study of this branch of decorative art, and have for years searched the museums and private collections for the finest models and the means of reproducing them. They have their factory in Paris, where the early methods of obtaining the colour and softness of the old

A Louis XV. Salon, showing some admirable copies of the best French furniture of that period



A new Billiard Table, showing an adaptation of a Chippendale style to modern uses

marqueterie and the beautiful finish of the metal mounts, often cast from the original mould, are studied and followed with infinite care. They claim, with justice, that each piece is as perfect as the more expert craftsman can make it, and equal to the original in everything, save sentiment and historic interest.

The *salon* of Louis XV., which we give, shows some pieces at least of these admirable copies.

In a totally different manner is the original billiard table which has recently been designed. Here is seen an interesting adaptation of one of the styles that Chippendale popularised. The legs of a billiard table, like those of the piano, have long been stumbling blocks, so to speak, to the decorative artist, but here at last is a happy and effective issue out of a difficulty which has faced Messrs. Gillows since about 1814, when Jack Mytton jumped his horse over one of their production and won a wager. If one may judge of the character of the work produced by Messrs. Gillows by the care and skill displayed in the production of this interesting volume, there can be no doubt that the decision would be highly flattering to a house already loaded with the laurels of two centuries of victorious progress.

The Menu

Luncheon on the Moors

Now that the shooting season has once more come round, the mistress of many a household has to think and plan how she can best tempt the appetites of the "menfolk" in the luncheons sent out for their delectation on the moors, and I venture to give this week a few recipes of substantial and homely dishes that I hope may be appreciated.

HOT-POT (A LANCASHIRE DISH)

A strong earthenware pan would be required for it, which could be packed into a hamper. Butter the pan well. Have plenty of boiled potatoes. Cut in slices, and put a layer at the bottom, and next put a layer of rump steak and either oysters or kidneys (or fresh mutton chops and kidneys). Pepper and salt these. Then another layer of sliced potatoes, then more meat in alternate layers up to the top. Let the top layer be potatoes. Before putting on this, pour in a little water or stock. An onion cut in thin slices and put on the meat is a great improvement to this dish. Put pieces of butter on the top, and bake a nice brown. Be sure to use fresh meat.

BEEF-STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING

Two pounds of rump-steak, four kidneys (mutton), or ½ lb. beef kidney. Beat the steak and cut it into thin slices, season each with pepper and salt; roll up a very small piece of fat in each roll. They should be very small. Divide the kidneys into small pieces. Line a round basin with suet crust, put in the meat and kidney, and sprinkle each layer with flour, pepper and salt. Proceed till the dish is full. Pour in some stock, cover with paste, press the edges well together, cover with a floured cloth, boil four hours. A dozen oysters, bearded and washed free from grit in their own liquor, which should afterwards be strained and poured into the pudding, are a great improvement, and make this a very tasty dish.

A GAME MOULD

Take cold fowl or game of any kind, pound it to a paste, or put it through the mincing machine, with a slice of bread, three eggs (yolks and whites), a gill of cream or milk, 1½ ozs. of butter, a tablespoonful of ketchup, pepper and salt to taste. Mix all well together and put into a mould. The mould must be previously buttered and filled round with slices of hard-boiled eggs. Steam it for rather more than an hour. Turn it out when cold into a rather large mould of the same shape, and pour in sufficient clear and savoury jelly to fill up the second mould. Turn out when cold, and serve for breakfast or lunch.

MAIDS OF HONOUR

Half-pound castor sugar, three eggs, 2 ozs. butter, two lemons. Put the butter into a pan, and, when melted, stir the sugar in; then add the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two. Add the beaten eggs, and simmer gently till thick. Fill lined patty pans with the mixture and bake.

IMITATION PÂTE DE FOIE GRAS

An excellent imitation of that costly delicacy so much esteemed by all gourmets—pâte de foie gras—may be made by boiling a pound of calf's liver in slightly salted water until it is quite tender, then pounding the same in a mortar, moistening from time to time with melted butter, and seasoning well with cayenne pepper, made mustard, grated nutmeg, and adding a tablespoonful of water, in which have been boiled an onion and a clove. When well mixed, this should be packed in small jelly pots, and melted butter poured over the surface. Small triangular bits of tongue, or of the gizzards or liver of fowls, may be inserted here and there to imitate the truffles found in the genuine Strasbourg pâtes. If well made, this mixture will keep good for weeks, and is very useful as a dainty for afternoon tea, sandwiches, or a supper delicacy.

EMILIA.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

[The Editor feels it necessary to disclaim any responsibility for Calpurnia's opinions. It is as well to give a fair contributor who feels she has a grievance the opportunity of giving vent to it occasionally. Such outbursts clear the air, if they do nothing else.]

On Christian Names

I went to see a friend the other day who was puzzling her brains to find a name for a small daughter who had just come into the world. If it had been left entirely to her she would not have had much difficulty, but she was blessed with a husband—a gentleman whom I do not like and invariably escape if possible—and her husband was troubled with ideas which made the choosing of a name a matter of some difficulty. In the first place, he refused to have any of his children called after anybody else. No reason was given for this remarkable fad. "John didn't like it," and there was nothing more to be said. I suggested "Mary," which I think is the most beautiful of women's names, but "John says that sounds like servants'," was the objection here, and John being the sort of snob indicated by that remark—all the simple, old-fashioned English names were barred out. "Well, what sort of name *does* John like?" I asked. "He would like to call baby 'Theodora,'" said my friend; "he says it means 'the gift of God.'" "Then why doesn't he?" I asked. "Because he says all the children are gifts of God," was the reply, "and it wouldn't be fair to give the name to this one only." This objection seemed to me so fatuous that I refrained from offering any further suggestions, and the child was eventually christened "Yseult," a charming name in itself, but not one that goes well with the surname of Diggle, which was John's patronymic—or something like it.

Girls' Names

I wonder if my readers have ever noticed how names, especially women's names, go in generations. Our grandmothers were called Anne, and Emma, and Susan, and Ellen; our mothers Adelaide, Louisa, Henrietta, Caroline; our own contemporaries—I am speaking of women in middle-age—are Winifreds, Hildas, Ethels, and Muriels; our daughters are mostly Dorothys, Dorises, Veras, and Sheilas; while for the little grandchildren who are beginning to appear on the scene, we are getting back again to the old-fashioned names of Betty, Nancy, Joan, and the like. To say that one prefers the names that are being conferred on the rising generation is nothing more than to acknowledge one's self influenced by the current fashion, but the taste does rest on a worthy love of simplicity and directness, old English virtues, which the fancy collection of names of the Yolande variety does not. I think that the taste will go further still, and we shall get back to Elizabeth, Sarah, and Anne again. We may leave it to people of the habit of mind of my friend's husband to object to these names, because they "sound like servants'." All the servants will be christened Victoria by that time.

Boys' Names

Boys' names do not seem to exhibit the same change as those of girls. There always have been, and always will be, plenty of Johns, Edwards, Williams, Richards, and Roberts. I have the greatest objection personally to christening boys with fancy names, however allowable it may be in the case of girls. But, perhaps, this is only a fad, as foolish as John's objection to naming children after somebody else. It is curious to notice how many men's names come out of the Bible. All the Bible names of men are far more used than those of women; but here is another curious fact, that all the names used to-day are those of good men; those of the questionable characters are seldom, if ever, copied. 'Jude' is sometimes found, but Judas never. There have been plenty of Abels, but no Cains, and nobody has ever heard of an Ahab or a Balaam, or a Naboth or a Pilate.

Concerning "Mousie"

A gentleman, who shall be nameless, although he signs his name, has written to me, evidently in great glee, at having, as he expresses it, taken me in. It is the same gentlemen whose letter I published a fortnight ago, when he signed himself with the charming *nom de plume* of "Mousie." I should go on calling myself "Mousie" if I were this gentleman. The name fits him admirably. As a matter of fact, I knew perfectly well that the letter I published was written by a man, and so did all of my readers. I can only imagine now, after having perused his second foolish screed, that the humour displayed there was unconscious. But, however that may be, "Mousie is quite wrong in thinking that he (!) took anybody in.

The Vanity of Man!

The vanity of man is a subject I touched upon very early in the course of these papers, and I think I said then that the average man took quite as much interest in his garments as the average women, if not more. One could not ask for a more striking illustration of this statement than the information now appearing in the papers concerning the wardrobe of a certain young gentleman, which will have been put up to auction before these lines appear in print. A woman who spends large sums of money on her clothes does look forward to wearing them, and having them seen, even if she only wears them a few times and then discards them. This young man apparently bought many thousand pounds worth of clothes, of all sorts, merely for the sake of possessing them. One reads of two hundred overcoats, and other items in the same proportion. I would challenge any habitual maligner of our sex to produce an instance of woman's extravagance to compare with this.

CALPURNIA.

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Odious, but Inevitable, Comparison

Having been cast for the hour into the kingdom of hoydenism, Ambrosine and I have been discussing the appreciable improvement in the hoyden of to-day over her sister of a few years back. That is to say, the well-bred hoyden. There is still a tiresome, nondescript little person, with the figure of a woman, who is totally at variance with her curtailed skirts and pig-tailed head, and upon whom it is not quite nice to dwell. But the hobbledehoy girl of the refined mother—how really admirably conducted are her clothes. With an exterior simple to severity, these reveal, however, beneath, the desirable feminine in spotless petticoats, daintily be-decked. Two jolly girls of our immediately intimate acquaintance wear, week in and week out, plain, well-cut skirts of tweed or service serge, with delightful white lawn shirts, the throats rolled back with picturesque, Byronic sort of collars, hemmed round with coloured lawn borders, and completed by a knotted cravat of the latter.

On windy days, soft service caps, built especially of the same tweeds as the frocks, are worn and, if necessary, semi-fitting reefer coats are donned. Irrepressible romps, these girls always contrive to turn up neat and fresh of aspect, a condition impossible under the circumstances if their frocks had chanced to be fine, starched affairs.

And a sweet, small person of some five years pleases us equally in a perfectly plain, long bodice dress of blue serge, banded somewhere well below the waist with a brown leather belt, below which an impertinent little skirt sets—penwiper-wise—over a befrilled white petticoat, obviously built on the same lines as the dress. And this dear, quaint thing crowns her attire by a cottage bonnet of garden bass, tied securely beneath the chin with pale blue silk taffeta ribbon.

Up to nine years, a certain latitude towards picturesqueness seems permissible, after which—being guided, of course, in some measure by the size and style of the child—it is almost impossible to be too simple.

Varying Types of Children

Apropos of that question of style, it is to be remarked how general is the feeling to treat children *en masse*. Given a mother with artistic tendencies, a whole family, irrespective of any distinction, will be clad in old-English clothes, the boys with long hair, and rag produced curls, while the girls will stumble along, a misery to themselves and all beholders—the mother alone reaping any joy out of these vagaries—in long, tight frocks, and impossible flop hats.

The feeling for bonnets rather than hats runs very high just now. The thought comes from the Paris centre, whence it reaches us in every imaginable type of rustic straw, rather—to our taste—over-bedizened with flowers, but otherwise attractive, and fully prepared to storm the autumn and winter millinery fortress in felt, together with old-world drawn silk and velvet effects.

Another Millinery Madness

is to be the mingling of felt and straw. This is quite an innovation, and there seems no reasonable cause why it should not succeed. A band of straw round the brim, and a narrow band and bow about the crown, served to complete with particular *éclat* a useful soft grey felt hat, that was speedily annexed by Ambrosine as the ideal autumn *chapeau*.

It was an unnecessary expenditure, in view of things, but characteristic of the autumn temperament that is upon us, when the mind turns steadily in the direction of the studiously practical. It is, too, the hour of renovations. Now, this is a question we have discussed times out of number—whether renovations really are the economy they profess to be. With a few rare exceptions, I must frankly admit they have proved the reverse with me, as I think, truth to tell, they do with practically all who are in any way possessed by the demon of dress. Then is it mostly the same story; initially a splendid enthusiasm, entirely built upon problematical visions. We are prepared to startle the entire community by our unique resourcefulness, and consequently accept no limits, intentionally making selection of the latest vogue—possibly a complete antithesis of the existing affair—and only by degrees is the fact revealed to us that the success of our ill-conditioned dream is an impossibility.

Reflecting over the supply of summer muslins, Ambrosine and I are agreed that it will be infinitely wiser to fake these up for quiet home evening wear, than to lay them aside in the fond delusion that they will arise fresh and fashionable possibly next season. Wonders can be worked with a *décolletage* and a deep tucker, a dainty net coffee coat, a fichu, or some original silk fitments, such as we offered the other day, in the shape of that *chêne* handkerchief cape.

Our illustration reveals the possibilities of the smart restaurant wrap, for wear at one or other of the representative foreign watering resorts. This, a ravishment of white cloth, worked with a design of raised white silk over silver, and hemmed with ermine, is lined through with superposed frills of palest blue *plissé* chiffon. The frock is a foam of white chiffon and tinted Brussels *appliqué* lace.

The Bystander, August 24, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 38.—Vol. III. Wednesday, August 24, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

GILLOWS

(WARING & GILLOW, Ltd.)

Telephone Nos. 30 PADDINGTON. 2347 GERRARD.

Telegrams: "GILLOWS, LONDON."

GILLOW'S LISTS of Residential Estates, Country Houses, and Sportings in Two Parts, obtainable post free six stamps.
I. Estates and Houses Unfurnished.
II. Furnished Mansions and Shootings.

HANTS (near Winchester).—3 minutes of church, close to first-rate golf links.—To be SOLD, a gentleman's RESIDENCE, containing: billiard & 3 reception rooms, 18 bedrooms, bathrooms (h. & c.), electric light & hot-air pipes throughout. Excellent sanitary arrangements, stabling & outhouses, tastefully laid-out grounds with tennis court, & pasture land of about 45 acres, with 11 cottages, the whole is well fenced and water laid on. Hunting and shooting in the neighbourhood. Price. £5,000. (12,396)

G. N. Rly. (an hour & a half of town).—To be SOLD, this pleasantly-situate RESIDENCE, standing in a village, approached by carriage drive. Accommodation: 2 reception rooms, usual kitchen offices, 7 bedrooms. Excellent pleasure garden, extensive farm buildings & stabling. Grounds in all 44 acres. Price, £1,500. An additional 213 acres can be obtained if required. (12,404)

SUSSEX (near Bognor).—To be SOLD, an old-fashioned ivy-clad RESIDENCE, standing high with views over the sea. Accommodation: billiard, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, stabling for 5, farms & cottages, land in all 250 acres, or would be divided. (12,396)

LANCS.—To be LET, Furnished, for a term, an historical & interesting RESIDENCE, standing in a fine park extending over 1,000 acres. Accommodation: 3 billiard & 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, stabling; further shooting over 4,000 acres, & some good private fishing. Golf in the neighbourhood. Rent on application. Might be Sold. (12,400)

SUSSEX (Hayward's Heath).—To be SOLD, this charming RESIDENCE situate in beautifully-timbered ground & meadowland of about 16 acres. Accommodation: billiard & 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, stabling for 5 horses, farmhouse with usual outbuildings, & 4 well-built cottages in excellent order. Price and series of views on application. (12,403)

LEWES & TUNBRIDGE WELLS (between).—To be LET on Lease a comfortable RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully-timbered grounds, screened from the road with well-matured forest trees, approached by drive. The accommodation comprises: spacious entrance hall, billiard & 4 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, ample stabling, gas & Co.'s water; grounds in all 45 acres Good cottage. Rent, including the farm, £400 per annum. (12,396)

UNIQUE POSITION.
WITHIN FOUR MILES' RADIUS.
CHARMING RESIDENCE.
20 ACRES, LAKE, ORCHARD.

A REALLY BEAUTIFUL PRO ERTY, in perfect state of repair throughout, & fitted with every modern convenience, standing high in well-wooded & laid-out grounds of 20 acres, with lawns, orchard, paddocks, &c.; 14 bed & dressing, 3 bath & 6 handsome reception rooms, very fine winter gardens, capital offices, stabling for 8, 3 cottages, grand ranges of glass, &c. (40,167)

FREEHOLD & FURNITURE.
Price, £10,000.

HOLLAND PARK, W.—The above price will purchase the RESIDENCE and the costly and beautiful contents therein, which includes furniture, carpets, pictures, and ornamental items, statuary, & bronzes, &c. The accommodation comprises: 13 bed, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms, including full-sized billiard room. To anyone requiring a residence of this kind ready for immediate occupation, the above offers a bargain which is without doubt seldom to be met with. (40,181)

WITHIN 15 MINUTES OF THE CITY.
4 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, a modern well-built RESIDENCE, by Norman Shaw, with stabling & grounds of a delightful character, designed by Paxton. The accommodation comprises: 20 bed & dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, music, billiard, & 3 reception rooms, excellent offices. In perfect order throughout. Electric light. Lease, 80 years to run. Price, £7,500. (40,185)

FREEHOLD. OVERLOOKING PRIVATE GROUNDS.

MAYFAIR.—A modern RESIDENCE, overlooking private grounds & in the centre of Clubland, fitted throughout in the best possible manner, & containing well-arranged accommodation, comprising: 11 bed & dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, capital offices. Price moderate. (40,183)

PORTMAN SQUARE. £200 PER ANNUM.

AN opportunity occurs to secure a first-class RESIDENCE, within a few doors of this favourite square, in good order; 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 or 3 reception rooms. Lease, 7 years, no repairing covenant.

GOOD GARDEN. DETACHED.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD.—Rent only £90 per annum for a charming little RESIDENCE, containing: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, capital garden, conservatory, &c. Lease, 14 or 21 years.

AT A MODERATE GROUND RENT.

£4,000.—In the heart of MAYFAIR.—A RESIDENCE decorated with first-class taste, containing: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, & usual reception rooms. Lease, 35 years. The above price includes the carpets, curtains & fittings, &c., throughout the Residence.

DULWICH.—For SALE, well-built detached RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds: 8 bed & dressing, bath, & 3 reception rooms; stabling. Price, £2,000. (40,166)

FURNISHED FLAT in Campden Hill Court, W., to be LET. One of the best in these favourite mansions, with fine open outlook over private grounds. Exceptionally well-furnished & fitted. 4 bedrooms, bath, 2 reception rooms, & good domestic offices. Third floor. The inadequate rent of 8gs. per week would be accepted for 6 months' tenancy. (3,306)

BICKENHALL MANSIONS, W.—Nine guineas a week will be accepted for a bright & very airy FLAT, superbly furnished by Gillows: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, & usual offices. Third floor. Passenger lifts. Possession end of October. (3,308)

REGENT'S PARK, N.W.—Top floor FLAT (with lift), very light, & containing: 3 bed, bath, & 3 reception rooms, to be LET for a few months; owner, going abroad, asks nominal sum to partly cover unfurnished rent during term. (3,245)

COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES.—Messrs. GILLOWS are exclusively appointed agents for many of the choicest available PROPERTIES, to be SOLD or LET, both Furnished & Unfurnished. Estate Offices, 406, Oxford Street (entrance at 48, Duke Street), W.

HUNTING BOX.—To be LET for the season, situate about 9 miles from the County Town of Leicestershire, occupying a delightfully healthy & rural position, about 500ft. above sea level. Accommodation: 2 reception, commodious kitchen offices, including servants' hall & housekeeper's room, 9 bedrooms, fitted bathroom (h. & c.), electric light, telephone. Modern stabling for 21 horses, motor-car house, rooms for grooms, & 2 cottages. Situate in the centre of the Quorn & close to three other packs, this RESIDENCE forms an ideal place for a hunting man. (12,398)

A CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED SURREY COTTAGE TO BE SOLD.—This pretty little RESIDENCE, situate at Purley, containing: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. & c.), & standing in an acre of ground, well laid out, with tennis lawn, pleasure & kitchen garden, near excellent golf links, with good hunting close by. Photos & plans of the Agents. £1,550. (12,368)

BANKS OF THE THAMES.—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, situate in a quaint old Oxford village. Accommodation: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, well-timbered grounds, with tennis & croquet lawn, orchard, & meadow. Stabling & farmery, usual outbuildings. Price, £3,000. Or to be LET, on Lease. (12,374)

£6,000 WILL PURCHASE an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in a high position at Weybridge: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), stabling, 3 acres. (12,293)

BEXHILL (near).—To be LET, Furnished, for 3 or 6 months, this most comfortable RESIDENCE, standing high, overlooking the sea, 1½ miles away. Accommodation: large hall, 4 reception, 7 bed & dressing rooms; grounds of 6 acres, with tennis, kitchen garden, and paddocks. Fishing, hunting, & golf within easy reach; rough shooting over 200 acres. Rent, including use of pony & trap, 7 guineas a week. (E. L. 81)

SOUTHAMPTON WATER.—To be LET on Lease, an imposing RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park of 135 acres, approached by 2 carriage drives with lodge entrances. The accommodation comprises: circular entrance hall, 4 reception, billiard room, 18 bed & dressing rooms, stabling for 10 horses, mens' rooms, good outhouses, attractive pleasure grounds, ornamental lake, kitchen garden, gas, Co.'s water, & telephone laid on; 2,000 acres of shooting could be had by arrangement. Rent on application. (12,391)

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

AUCTIONS of **ESTATES** and **RESIDENCES** conducted monthly at the Mart, London, E.C.

VALUATIONS AND SALES of Furniture, Pictures, Farming Stock, Timber, etc.—Auction Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

A PERFECTLY UNIQUE, MODERNISED RESIDENCE.

31 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

TO BE SOLD, at a sacrifice, a picturesque, creeper-clad RESIDENCE, with 12 acres, about 2 miles from Weybridge, and forming an ideal home for a City man. Money has within the last few years been lavished on the property to provide luxuries quite out of the common. The Residence is in splendid order, electric light is installed, and the sanitary fittings are simply perfection. The accommodation comprises: square hall, quaint Dutch snuggery, drawing room in Adam's style, oak-panelled dining room, divan, 10 bedrooms, 2 model bathrooms, servants' hall, and very good offices; stabling for 4, outbuildings, several cottages; perfectly lovely old gardens, croquet, tennis chestnut drive; miniature golf course, capital kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, orchard and parkland. Very strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TUDOR RESIDENCE.

SURREY (in the beautiful neighbourhood of Haslemere, one hour from Town).—To be LET, exquisitely Furnished, for one, two, or three years, this delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: hall, picturesque drawing room 18ft. by 14ft., dining room 23ft. by 14ft., library 30ft. by 15ft., with oak beam ceiling and gallery round (this is a most unique and beautiful room), 8 bedrooms, fitted bathroom, and usual offices; stabling close by; picturesque and charming old grounds, beautifully timbered, with tennis and other lawns. Rent moderate to careful tenants, as owner will be abroad.—Further particulars from the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

LANCASHIRE (very convenient for Manchester or Liverpool).—To be LET, Furnished, with 1,500 acres of good shooting, the above commodious MANSION, in park, containing entrance and inner halls, 3 spacious reception rooms, billiard room, 19 bed and dressing rooms, and capital offices; extensive pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, greenhouses; stabling for 16 horses, and cottages. The shooting over 1,500 acres includes about 160 acres of cover.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IN AN UNRIVALLED POSITION COMMANDING UNEQUALLED VIEWS.

HANTS (near Ventnor, in the most beautiful part of the Island).—For SALE, at a very low figure, a singularly choice and charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, standing high and well sheltered. The Residence, most substantially built of stone, is approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains: 4 handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, excellent domestic offices, and 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water and gas laid on throughout; away from the house is the stabling, approached by separate entrance, and comprising 4 stalls, 2 loose boxes, harness room, standing for 4 carriages, coachman's house, etc. The grounds are one of the special features of the property, and, although only about 13 acres in extent, are not overlooked, and are so diversified and undulating that there is the appearance and charm of 30 acres, lovely walks for miles through the woods, shrubberies, and by the sea, to which there is extensive frontage, 2 tennis lawns, 2 fine kitchen gardens, range of glasshouses, summer-houses, and about 6 acres of good meadowland. For Sale by private treaty, and if not so disposed will be Sold by Auction during September.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GORING-ON-THAMES (in a high and secluded position).—To be LET, Furnished, for the Summer, or Unfurnished, on lease, a picturesque COUNTRY RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive, and containing: inner and outer halls, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, fitted bathroom and usual offices; stabling for 3, coach-house, harness room, and man's rooms over. Excellent cottage for gardener. Beautifully laid-out grounds, with lawns, shrubberies, Italian garden, terrace walks, orchard, etc., in all about 4 acres. Rent moderate, or any reasonable offer for the Summer months will be considered.—Further particulars from the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HERTS and ESSEX (Borders), near Broxbourne.—For SALE, the choice Freehold Estate, known as

NAZEING PARK,

seated high in a finely timbered park and beautiful old grounds, and commanding views of great extent. The Nazeing Golf Course adjoins the park. The fine old house contains: noble porch, large hall, 5 reception, and about 20 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; capital stabling, with coachman's rooms; most productive gardens, with range of glasshouses. The present income from the estate amounts to about £900 per annum. Price moderate.—Sole Agents, Messrs. DANIEL WATNEY and SONS, 33, Poultry, E.C.; and HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OAKHAM.—In the centre of the Cottesmore country (and within reach of four other packs). To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a most attractive RESIDENCE or HUNTING BOX, containing: 13 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms, good offices and stabling for 8, and farm buildings convertible into extra stabling. Pretty grounds, with lawn and greenhouses; magnificent country. Two hours from town.—Apply to Messrs. ROYCE, Auctioneers, Oakham, or to HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES and RESIDENCES and SPORTINGS for SALE, and to be LET, published in two parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

I. Unfurnished Houses and Landed Estates.
II. Furnished Residences and Shootings.

TO MEDICAL MEN.

£1,400 (Convenient for City and West End).—A BIJOU RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, containing: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 4 reception rooms, 2 conservatories, charming grounds of nearly an acre. Main drainage. Electric light could easily be installed.—Full particulars of the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

EARLY ENGLISH RESIDENCE ON THE G.E. MAIN LINE,
45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

NEAR TO THE CAPITAL TOWN AND STATION OF CHELMSFORD.—For SALE, or would be LET, Furnished, for the Summer, the above well-built RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 1¼ acres, approached by a short drive, and containing 4 reception rooms, billiard room, conservatory, 11 or more bed and dressing rooms, bath, and complete offices; electric light and Company's water; certified drainage; stabling for 6 horses, coach-house, etc.; 2 cottages can be rented; tennis lawn, flower and fruit gardens, etc.; excellent hunting with 4 packs.—Further particulars of Messrs. G. B. HILLIARD and SONS, Land Agents, Chelmsford; or of HAMPTON and SONS, Auctioneers and Estate Agents, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

A DRIVE FROM A WESTERN CITY.

TWO-AND-A-HALF HOURS' EXPRESS RAIL FROM LONDON.

TO BE LET, well Furnished, with 1,000 acres of excellent shooting, and exclusive right of river fishing, a beautiful modern MANSION, picturesquely placed in its park, in a high position, with very delightful views of river and hill scenery. It contains a fine hall, about 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 25 bed and dressing rooms, gymnasium, and complete offices; private chapel; ample stabling, entrance lodge, and cottages; very lovely grounds of great natural beauty sloping to the river, and singularly inexpensive to maintain. Boathouse and stage. Exclusive right of fishing for 1 mile; 600 pheasants reared; 3 miles from first-class golf links, 2 miles from railway station, R.C. church half-a-mile.—Strongly recommended by Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

REQUIRED TO RENT OR PURCHASE, within 2 hours of Town, a thoroughly well-appointed COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with 20 to 100 acres; 16 bedrooms, square hall, and billiard room essential. High ground and dry soil. Gas or electric light. Good figure for suitable place.—Write "E.B.," c/o HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3 COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. Branch Offices at WIMBLEDON and OXTED

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone Nos. {1971 Kensington / 5151 Westminster

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

SURREY (Woldingham).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an exceedingly beautifully-situated, well-built and conveniently arranged RESIDENCE, standing high in beautiful grounds of about 3 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens, and well-stocked fruit and kitchen gardens, terraces, and shrubbery, etc. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 2 horses. Rent, £95 per annum.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,257)

WILTS (within easy reach of station).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, the above COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in attractive grounds of about 3 acres, and containing: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, excellent offices; stabling for 10 horses, coach-houses, etc., groom's rooms. The grounds include very attractive lawns, affording room for several sets of tennis, and are stocked with beautiful ornamental trees, and choice flowering shrubs; there are greenhouses, forcing houses, and orchard. Golf links within easy reach, and firs -class hunting centre. Price, £2,850, or rent £120 per annum.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,153)

ESSEX (near Chelmsford).—BIJOU COUNTRY RESIDENCE, containing: 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2; capital lawn, kitchen garden, and orchard, in all 2 acres; Company's water; south aspect; sandy soil; 250ft. above sea level. Freehold, £1,000. Rent, £65.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,861)

TOWN HOUSES

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected list will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

OVERLOOKING GARDENS AND FACING SOUTH.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Well-built Family RESIDENCE to be SOLD, with immediate possession. The accommodation comprises: 7 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices. Lease, 64 years at a ground rent of £40 5s. per annum. Price, £3,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FLATS

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum and also furnished from 35s. to 30gs. per week. A carefully selected List will be sent on receipt of requirements.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

HANS MANSIONS.—One of these perfectly-arranged and exceptionally light FLATS to be LET, with possession at an early date. The accommodation comprises: 4 bedrooms, 2 large reception rooms, splendid square hall, and very complete domestic offices. Lifts working day and night, and every modern convenience. Rent, only £250 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET FOR THE WINTER MONTHS.

HANS MANSIONS.—Very well Furnished FLAT to be LET, containing: 7 bed and dressing rooms, 3 good reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, and very good domestic offices. Rent, 11 guineas per week. — Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FACING THE PARK.

BATTERSEA.—Well-arranged and conveniently-situated FLAT to be LET, Unfurnished, containing: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices. Rent, £75 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY (on the Surrey Hills).—To be SOLD, a beautifully-placed RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty grounds, and commanding extensive views over the surrounding country. The House is approached by a long carriage drive, with excellent lodge, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, boxroom, kitchen, and usual offices; stabling for 2 horses, coach-house, outbuildings, and man's rooms. The grounds, together with a paddock, are about 5 acres in extent, are in perfect order, and very tastefully laid out, including tennis lawn, terraces, pretty flower garden, well-stocked fruit and kitchen gardens. Price, £3,500.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,406)

BERKS (near Wallingford).—To be SOLD, or LET, the above charming and picturesque RESIDENCE, overlooking the Chiltern Hills. The House contains: lounge hall, 2 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, laundry, dairy, and excellent offices; good stabling and farmery. The grounds are prettily laid out, and include tennis lawn, large bowling green, well-stocked flower and kitchen gardens, pleasure orchard and meadow, in all about 5 acres. Rent, £135 per annum. Price, £3,500.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,117)

WOKING.—A soundly-built Family RESIDENCE in a quiet position, yet within 5 minutes of the railway station. Accommodation comprises: large hall, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2; tennis lawn, orchard, and kitchen garden; well-planned House, built by owner for his own occupation; electric light; Company's water; main drainage. Price, Freehold, £3,200. — Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,666)

Telegrams: "OWENISME London"

OWEN WALLIS & CO.

Telephone: 1,655 Mayfair

ESTATE AGENTS — AUCTIONEERS — VALUERS

GENTLEMAN'S FARM.
HERTS AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.
UP TO 250 ACRES.

£1,500 will buy a capital RESIDENCE, pleasantly situate, and within a mile of two stations (G. N. Rly.), and 44 acres of land. The former contains: entrance hall, dining and morning rooms, 2 kitchens, 7 bedrooms, and 2 staircases. Excellent walled-in flower, pleasure, and kitchen gardens, orchard, and first-class accommodation land up to 250 acres. Extensive farm buildings, barn, cart-sheds, loose boxes, etc. Full particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE ON A HILL-SIDE.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, on considerable reduced terms, the above RESIDENCE, luxuriously appointed, and standing in delightful grounds of over 3 acres, including a charming wood, excellent tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc. It is reached by a carriage drive with lodge, and the accommodation comprises: hall, drawing room, 27ft. by 21ft., dining room, 24ft. 6ins. by 15ft., billiard room, 24ft. by 16ft., study, conservatory and verandah, servants' hall, and butler's bedroom; above are: boudoir, 13 bed and dressing rooms (one with fitted bath), bathroom, housemaid's sink, etc. Stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, and 3 rooms for man. Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

FURNISHED OLD MANOR HOUSE.

HAMPSHIRE.—Two miles from market town and close to village, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, modernised at great expense, now in perfect order, well furnished, and affording a very delightful and comfortable abode. Contains: dining, drawing, morning, and tea rooms, library, serving rooms, servants' hall and offices, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Extensive pleasure grounds, with fine old trees, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and meadow land. Water laid on, modern drainage, stabling and cottage. *Rent, only £400 per annum, including gardener's wages* —OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

NEWBURY (drive of).—For SALE, might be LET, the above exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE; picturesque gate-house at entrance, avenue of oaks, and magnificent timber; 3 reception, spacious halls, 8 good bedrooms, bath, etc. Stabling, cottages, and numerous outbuildings; nearly 24 acres of park-land, adjoining delightful common of 800 acres.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,000.—In a beautiful position on the Surrey Hills, with about 10 acres of delightfully-timbered pleasure grounds and park-land, a medium-sized HOUSE, well fitted and able to be easily and inexpensively enlarged. Stable and outbuildings.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

RENT, £162 10s. PER ANNUM.

ASCOT (Twyford, near).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, standing high on gravel soil, near church, and contains: 4 excellent reception rooms, servants' hall, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Ample stabling and first-rate cottage. Delightfully-timbered pleasure grounds, extensive lawns, fruit and kitchen gardens, and orchard. — Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

NEAR CROWBORO' BEACON.

PLEASURE AND SPORTING ESTATE of medium size, a little over an hour south of London, for SALE, at a bargain price. It comprises nearly 70 acres of heavily-timbered land, with well-built and splendidly-placed RESIDENCE, at present containing 5 bedrooms, but capable of being enlarged at a moderate outlay. There are also the amenities of a country place, including lodge, stabling, and ample outbuildings. —OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, as depicted above, for SALE, in excellent order, thoroughly comfortable, and containing: 3 good-sized reception, 9 bed and bath-rooms, and capital offices; tastefully displayed and delightfully-timbered grounds, with spreading lawn, kitchen garden, and long frontage to the river; vinery and conservatory.—Personally inspected and recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

Offices: 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

"MILTON HALL," CAMBRIDGE, about 3 miles from the University, and within 80 minutes of town. A delightful Freehold ESTATE of 73 acres with

the above substantially built RESIDENCE, fitted throughout with electric light and telephone. 3 reception, billiard, and 10 bed and dressing rooms. Stabling. 2 lodges, farmery, 3 cottages, etc. Beautifully-timbered pleasure grounds, lake with boathouse, walled kitchen garden, and greenhouse. Good sporting and social district. The above not being sold at the recent auction may now be treated for privately. — Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,575)

BURNHAM BEECHES.

STANDING HIGH ON GRAVEL SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, with charming old grounds, lawns, and rhododendron and other walks, to the extent of 30 acres, fine COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath, etc., stabling and farmery. Lovely views. Healthy and favourite residential district. Price, £8,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK ahd RUTLEY. (1,032)

CHESHUNT DISTRICT.

With easy access to Town.

TO CLOSE AN ESTATE.—For SALE, an exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds and containing: 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, etc.; stabling, excellent garden and paddocks; about 2½ acres in all. Price, only £1,750.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,572)

GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.—Picturesque RESIDENCE in a fine position, commanding good views and approached by a long avenue carriage drive: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, boudoir, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; well-matured and tastefully laid-out pleasure gardens, avenue of chestnuts, tennis lawn; 18 acres in all. Rent, £255 p.a.—Price on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,605)

NEAR SUNNINGDALE AND WINDSOR GREAT FOREST.

THIS WELL-FITTED AND CONVENIENT RESIDENCE to be SOLD, situate in favourite residential and healthy district; 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath, etc., gas, water, and perfect drainage; 1 mile from golf links, and within easy reach of Ascot Golf Course; 1½ acres of grounds, pine woods adjoining. Price, Freehold, £4,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,620)

CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE WITH 16 ACRES.

£3,500.—The House stands well back from the road and is approached by a carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling, 2 cottages. Farmery. Attractive pleasure grounds, orchard and pasture. Hunting. Also to be LET.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,208)

THE LARGE AUCTION GALLERY.

AUCTION GALLERIES.—The attention of Trustees, Executors, Solicitors, and Owners desirous of selling Family Jewels and Plate, Pictures, Prints, Lace, Furniture, and Valuables is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES,

which are open daily throughout the year for receipt of property intended for prompt public Sale.

SALES

on owners' premises in all parts of the kingdom arranged at shortest notice.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER THE WYE VALLEY.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a COUNTRY PROPERTY, in a picturesque district, 300ft. above sea level. House containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; farmhouse and buildings; 2 cottages. 19 acres, beautifully timbered and including pasture, orchards, and pleasure grounds. Bracing district. Station, 1½ miles. Price, £2,000 (below cost). — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,500)

STOKE POGES. BURNHAM BEECHES.

CLOSE to Great Western Motor Service. Nicely-timbered FREEHOLD LAND for Investment or occupation.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

On High Ground, AMIDST THE PINES, In the LOVELY HINDHEAD DISTRICT

TO BE SOLD, a creeper-clad, old-fashioned, gabled RESIDENCE, situate in charming grounds of 9½ acres: 3 spacious reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling. Close to golf links. Village about a mile. Price, £3,700. —Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,618)

GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM DISTRICT. —Very fine old-fashioned red-brick RESIDENCE, with 4 reception, 13 bed, bath (h. and c.). Electric light. Stabling. Pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens. Cottages. Model farmery. All in thorough order; 170 acres freehold land. To be sold at a fraction of cost for £7,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,601)

12 BEDROOMS, BILLIARD ROOM, LODGE, AND COTTAGE

KENT (Hawkhurst district). 1¾ hours from town.—To be LET, or SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, in a beautiful position on high ground: 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, billiard room. Gas and water. Stabling. 13 acres of lovely grounds. Rent, £180 per annum. Price on application.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,598)

OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY OF THE SEVERN.

3½ HOURS OF LONDON.

FOR SALE, owing to special circumstances, at a fraction of cost, this magnificent RESIDENCE, in a most charming and healthy position, and commanding lovely and extensive views; 6 reception, billiard, 18 bed and dressing rooms. Gas and water laid on. Stabling for 7. Cottage. Inexpensive grounds of 2½ acres, but extra land up to 63 acres could be arranged for. Anchorage for yachts. Shooting. Hunting with 3 packs.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,719)

HERTS (10 minutes from a station, under an hour of town).—To be SOLD, a PICTURESQUE GABLED RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully-timbered grounds and parklike lands of over 12 acres. The house, which is approached by 2 carriage drives, with lodge entrances, contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc. Gas and water laid on. Gravel soil. Stabling for 4; conservatory; farmery; 2 cottages. Would be let Unfurnished.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,205)

WITHIN EASY REACH OF SEA. TWO HOURS OF TOWN. PARK OF 150 ACRES.

TO BE LET, Furnished by the year, the above ELIZABETHAN MANSION, built about 30 years ago, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; usual domestic offices; stabling for 7. Beautiful pleasure grounds of 7 acres, shooting over 3,000 acres (200 acres of woods). Hunting and golf within easy reach.— Photographs and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 583)

BUNGALOW RESIDENCE,

NEAR HAYWARD'S HEATH, SUSSEX.

£2,500 for a charming Bijou ESTATE, of about 8 acres, with a RESIDENCE, containing: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, etc., and approached by a carriage drive winding through the beautifully timbered grounds. South slope. Charming glen, with pond and island. Extensive views. Very secluded.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,599)

83 ACRES. ENTRANCE LODGES. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE. STABLING FOR 9. FARMERY.

SURREY (under one hour from the City; station two miles).—To be SOLD, the above old-fashioned creeper and ivy-clad RESIDENCE (3 reception and 8 bed and dressing rooms), standing 280ft. above sea level, in beautifully laid-out pleasure grounds of several acres, and heavily-timbered park land, orchards and woodland, extending to 83 acres; farmery, entrance lodges, stabling for 9; private golf course. Excellent hunting, shooting, and fishing in the district.—Price and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property. (1,415)

OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.

SOMERSET.—To be LET, Furnished, an old gabled Elizabethan MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order. 6 reception and 13 bedrooms. Walled garden. Good stabling.—Rent and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 549)

SURREY.—To be LET, a modern COUNTRY MANSION, containing: 4 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, swimming bath, etc. Ornamental lodge, beautiful grounds of about 7 acres, planted with choice shrubs. Stabling. Electric light. Hunting, shooting, and fishing. Rent, £350 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,595)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO. MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS.—£1,950 will purchase a charming BIJOU RESIDENCE and 3 acres in the beautiful Liphook and Hindhead district, 2 miles from station: 5 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, old-fashioned chimney corner, oak beams, large hall, stabling, gardens, and meadow (more land if required); fine views over a lovely country.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (19,635)

KENT (Edenbridge, under 1 hour from London, close to S.E. Railway station, 1 mile from Brighton line).—A compact BIJOU RESIDENTIAL ESTATE for SALE, of about 24 acres, with excellent Residence; grounds and a small well-timbered park in 3 enclosures; stabling for 4, coach-house, small farmery, and 2 cottages; picturesque matured grounds and garden, superb views; bounded on 3 sides by important roads.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

£1,600 for a charming old-fashioned, medium-sized COUNTRY HOUSE, 4 miles from Cambridge, ½ mile from a station; pretty grounds, with fine old trees, lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, and small paddock; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), lounge hall, and offices; stabling for 2 horses; greenhouse and outbuildings; gravel soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,752)

DOVER AND DEAL (between).—Price £2,500 for a charming old-fashioned Bijou HOUSE, with unusually attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and stabling for 2 horses; 5 minutes' walk from station; 10 minutes by rail of Dover. Or would be LET Unfurnished. Rent £120. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,690)

UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

700 FEET ABOVE SEA (on the Kent and Surrey borders).—Price, £5,000 for the above interesting and genuine old Jacobean MANOR HOUSE and 14 acres, with stabling, cottage, pretty grounds, kitchen garden, orchard and meadow; grand views.—Full details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,704)

BETWEEN LONDON AND SOUTH COAST.—100 acres of grass and woodland and a charming modernised, moderate-sized RESIDENCE to be SOLD. Fine views, dry soil, modern drainage; electric light. Stabling, good farmhouse and outbuildings; inexpensive pleasure grounds and kitchen garden; good hunting and fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,631)

THE above picturesque RESIDENCE, in superb "old world" grounds, would be LET Unfurnished on Lease, or the property, of some 15 acres, would be SOLD. It is situate in a Home County, about 45 minutes from London, amidst attractive rural surroundings. The house contains: lounge hall, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling and 2 cottages. Lovely grounds, with grand expanse of sheltered lawns; well-timbered paddocks.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,219)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS, 500ft. above sea, with grand panoramic views of the North Downs, Box Hill, and the intervening valley. — £7,500 for a charming old-fashioned Family HOUSE, with 35 acres, beautiful grounds, plantations, and meadows; stabling for 4, farmery, and entrance lodge; 2½ miles from station, 45 minutes from London. Would be sold with less land. Recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,937)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE QUORN HUNT.

9 MILES FROM LEICESTER, 6 miles from Melton Mowbray, and close to Brooksby station on the Midland line between Peterborough and Syston.

ANNOUNCEMENT of SALE of the very valuable Freehold Residential and Manorial Property, known as "BROOKSBY HALL," and comprising an area of upwards of 838 acres. It includes the historical mansion house, delightfully seated in extensive and well-arranged pleasure grounds, surrounded by a grandly-timbered park, and containing 5 spacious reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and most commodious offices; stabling for 17 horses, small home farmstead with bailiff's house, and all the appurtenances of a first-class county seat. The agricultural portion of the estate comprises some of the best and most productive land in the Midlands, and is divided into 4 first-class farms, and numerous accommodation holdings. The advowson and next perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of St. Michaels, Brooksby, is included in the sale.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE will offer the above for SALE by Auction at the "BELL HOTEL," Leicester, on Saturday, October 15th, 1904, at 2 o'clock precisely, first as a whole, and if not so sold then in 7 lots (unless an acceptable offer be made meanwhile privately).—Particulars of A. W. VAISEY, Esq., Solicitor, Tring, and Devereux Chambers, Temple, London, W.C.; Messrs. BROWN and FOULKES, Land Agents, Tring; or of the AUCTIONEERS, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—Charming Residential ESTATE of 25 acres, with small RESIDENCE, pretty garden, and finely timbered park-like meadowland, for SALE, freehold. Stabling for 4, farmery and 2 cottages; close to station, within about an hour's rail of Town.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

HERTFORDSHIRE (¾ miles from station).—To be SOLD, a very choice ESTATE of some 800 acres, with the above handsome Mansion, in beautiful grounds and park. The Residence contains: suite of spacious reception rooms, about 20 bedrooms, etc.; ample stabling, good cottages. The land is all let, and the property lies compactly together.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,940)

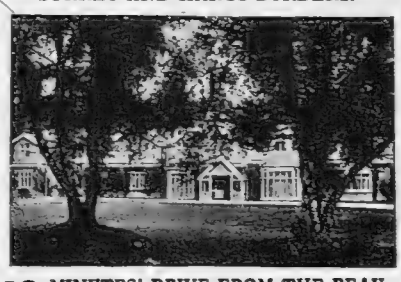
TO YACHTSMAN.—Magnificently situated on the Hamble, near Southampton, private anchorage for 200-ton yacht. Picturesque RESIDENCE for SALE; perfect order; 14 bed, 2 bathrooms, large reception; unusually well-wooded grounds, lawns, glasshouses, meadows, cottages, private boathouse, stabling, &c.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,316)

AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.—£3,150 only for a charming old-fashioned HOUSE, of medium size, and 72 acres (37 grass), in a pretty district, under 50 miles from London, a mile from station; stabling, farm buildings, pleasure and kitchen gardens; good partridge shooting, fishing, and hunting; gravel soil.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,432)

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3,500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

OXSHOTT and COBHAM (surrounded by Fairmile Common and Claremont Woods; one of the choicest situations within three-quarters of an hour of town).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, charming RESIDENCE, in absolutely secluded and delightfully-timbered grounds of 3 acres; 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling, entrance lodge; modern drainage, water laid on, gravel soil; a mile from station.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,584)

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.



10 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL Pine and Heather Country at Frimley.—To be SOLD, at reduced price, by order of Executors, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing ample accommodation for a large family, lofty reception rooms, fine billiard room, stabling for 6, cottages, farmery, magnificently-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen gardens, and pine wood; in all 43 acres. Modern drainage, excellent water supply, and every amenity.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,523)

OLD BERKELEY COUNTRY (30-acre Residential Estate, with frontage to a river affording capital fishing).—To be SOLD or LET, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE of medium size, with charming surroundings, very accessible from town and in a first-rate social district. The house has been re-modelled and appointed. The estate is compact and self-contained, and includes stabling, farmery, and cottage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,651)

REMARKABLY CHOICE AND CHEAP Residential Estate in Derbyshire.—Attractive moderate-sized HOUSE in beautifully timbered park: 16 bedrooms, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, charming grounds, home farm, etc.; all pasture and extending to 400 acres, producing £850 per annum. Early possession; price very moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,394)

SYMONDS YAT.—Beautifully-situated BUNGALOW RESIDENCE for SALE, with several acres, standing well above the River Wye; pretty gardens and capital orchard. Shooting, hunting, boating, and golf in the neighbourhood. Grand scenery and very pretty situation. Near church, station, and post.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,329)

FINE MODERN ELIZABETHAN MANSION IN HERTS.—To be LET on Lease. It stands high, in a favourite part of the county, whence the City is easily accessible in less than an hour. 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 17 bed and dressing, and bathrooms. Excellent stabling. Handsome grounds and well-timbered park-like land adjoining.—Strongly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,604)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephone: 3645 GERRARD. IO. MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

CHANCELLOR & SONS

AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS, LAND, HOUSE, AND ESTATE AGENTS.

ASCOT, BERKS. SUNNINGDALE, BERKS. 51, PALL MALL, S.W., & RICHMOND, SURREY

WINDLESHAM, SURREY

THE WOODLANDS HOUSE ESTATE OF 325 ACRES

WOODLANDS HOUSE FROM THE LAWN

A VALUABLE FREEHOLD PROPERTY ON THE SURREY HILLS

Three miles from Sunningdale and Bagshot Stations, close to Sunningdale Golf Links, comprising a delightful old-fashioned Country Seat, in a magnificently-timbered Park, with Stabling, Farmery, Gardens, Lake, Farms, Woods, Lodges, and Cottages,

WOODLANDS HOUSE, FRONT ENTRANCE

To be SOLD in Lots, as follows:

1. The Mansion, Park, etc., about 82 acres.
2. Woodlands Farm, with Buildings and 20 acres.
3. About 3 acres of Grass Land.
4. Enclosure of Arable Land, about 3 acres.
5. Chobham Meadow, 4¾ acres.
6. Manor Farm, Buildings and 62 acres.
7. 17½ acres of good Meadow Land.
8. About 2½ acres of Woodland.
9. 14 acres, with long building frontages.
10. An excellent Meadow of 1¾ acres.
11. A Meadow of 2½ acres.
12. About 2 acres of Accommodation Land.
13. About 2 acres of Ditto
14. 10½ acres valuable Building Land.
15. Cottage, with 3 acres, at Updown Hill.
16. "Heath Park Estate." 87 acres of valuable Building Land, with long frontages and Lodge entrance.
17. 10 acres of Pinewood, on Chertsey Road.

VIEW OF THE PARK

CHANCELLOR & SONS

Will sell the above Valuable Estate by Auction, at THE MART, TOKENHOUSE YARD, E.C.

On TUESDAY, 18th OCTOBER, 1904,

At TWO o'clock p.m. (Unless previously disposed of).

Particulars, with Plan, Views, and Conditions of Sale, of the respective

Solicitors:

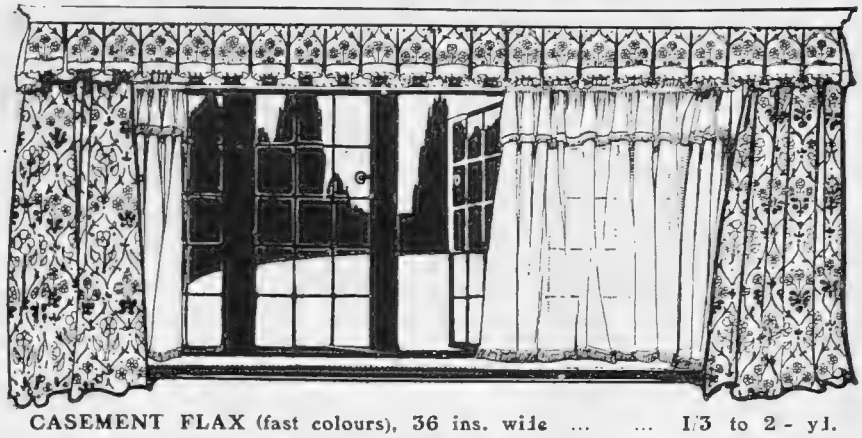
JOHN CHRISTIE, Esq., 53, Coleman Street, E.C.
Messrs. KNAPP-FISHER and SONS, 27, Buckingham Gate, S.W.
Messrs. POWELL and ROGERS, 7 Essex Street, Strand, W.C., and 24, Hill Street, Richmond.

Auctioneers:

CHANCELLOR and SONS, F.S.I.,
Ascot Station, Berks,
Sunningdale, Berks,
1, King Street, Richmond, Surrey
(Adjoining Railway Stations, Richmond), and
51, Pall Mall, S.W.

HEAL & SON'S

Exclusive Specialities for Casement Curtains



CASEMENT FLAX (fast colours), 36 ins. wide ... ... 1/3 to 2- yd.
ALL WOOL AND MOHAIR CLOTHS, 52 ins. wide ... from 2/3 yd.

Descriptive Booklet with small patterns sent free

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.

Absolutely unique in their qualities

HAND MADE

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

STATE EXPRESS

CIGARETTES.

No. 555 **4/9** per 100 **1/3** per 25 **6D.** per 10.

Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and Stores at home and abroad.

Manufacturers, ARDATH TOBACCO CO., LONDON, E.C.

Photo by *Reutlinger*

For Continental Wear: A Frock of white chiffon and tinted Brussels appliqué lace. The wrap is of white cloth, worked with a design of raised white silk over silver

MELANYL THE ORIGINAL MARKING INK IN ONE BOTTLE

Requiring no Heat. Has been tested for 25 years and proved its superiority over all others.

Guaranteed absolutely indelible and harmless.

6d., Is., and 2s. 6d. Bottles.

Of all Stationers and Chemists.

INVENTORS AND MAKERS—

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, Ltd.,

ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LD., BELFAST

And 156 to 170, Regent Street, London, W.

Appointments to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princes of Wales.

IRISH DAMASK

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/6; 2½ × 3 yds., 5/6. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Irish Linen Pillow Cases, 10/6 per doz. Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard Roller Towelling, 3d. per yard.

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

Surplice Linen, 7d. per yard. Dusters from 3/3 per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, 4/9 per doz.

Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/4½ each. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 8½d. per yard. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.

TABLE AND HOUSE LINEN.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

MISSES H. & I. WOOLLAN

(UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE).

ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

OLD CHINA.

Worcester and Lowestoft China, Bowls, etc.

Old Lace, Prints, Glass, etc.

TELEPHONE 5467 GERRARD.

28, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

These Shirts are made with ordinary Collar Bands unless otherwise ordered.

SPECIALITY.

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SHIRTS to Measure.

Perfect Fitting.

Made in our

GENTLEMEN'S SHIRT DEPARTMENT.

Patterns

AND

Self-Measurement Form

sent on application.

A range of nearly one thousand patterns.

JAPLEEN, a new silk mixture, having the appearance of Japanese Silk, combined with the washing and wearing properties of a fine Zephyr, **11/6**

Fancy Delaines	from **9/6**
Marl Zephyr	,, **10/6**
Oxford Gauze	,, **8/6**
Zephyr	,, **8/6**
Mercerised Oxford Gauze, ,, Zephyr ..., Silk Batiste	... ... **10/6** to **19/6**
Best Quality English Printed Twill Silk (Spot and Bandana Patterns)	**28/6**

Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Rd., London

MAPPIN & WEBB, LTD.

(MAPPIN BROTHERS INCORPORATED)

"PRINCE'S PLATE"

(Regd. 71552)

Highest Attainable Quality. Guaranteed for 30 Years.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.

LATEST AND REGISTERED DESIGNS.

SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL.

Only London Addresses { **158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, W.**
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
220, REGENT STREET, W.

Manufactory: The Royal Works, Sheffield.

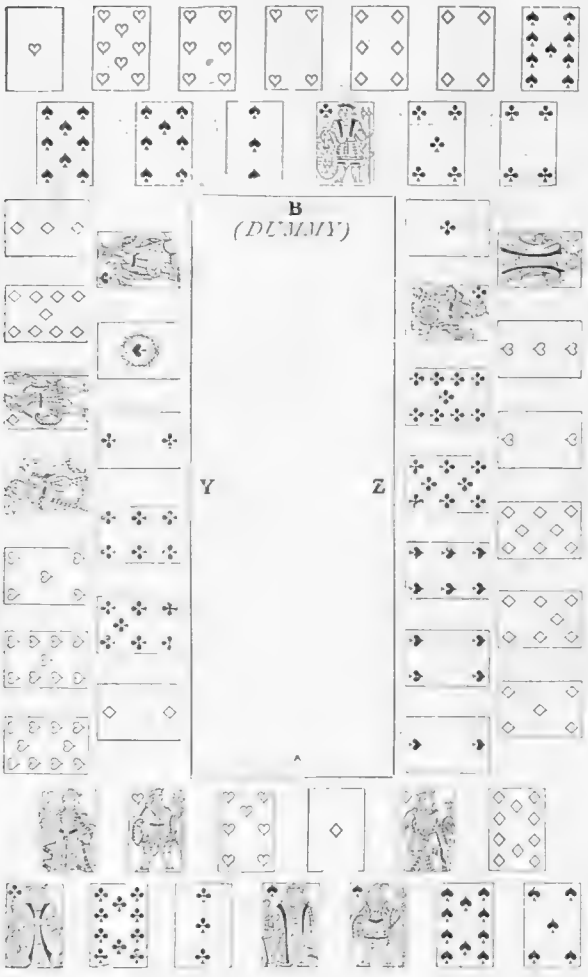
John J. M. Bult (Frock and Dress Coat Specialist), 140, Fenchurch St., London, E.C., has an extensive range of standard Indigo Dyed Serges at prices varying from 50s. the suit.

BRIDGE

OUR THIRD HOLIDAY COMPETITION

THE HAND

ORDINARY FOUR-HANDED BRIDGE



A deals

We shall award a First Prize of THE BYSTANDER Morocco Bridge Box, containing playing-cards, markers, rules, etc., and five other prizes of two packs of the pretty BYSTANDER playing-cards, in box, for the best solutions of the play of the preceding hand at ordinary four-handed Bridge. That is to say, it must be played as if only Dummy's hand were exposed. We are making it a hand at ordinary instead of at Double-Dummy Bridge for a change, since many of our contributors declare themselves tired of continual Double-Dummy hands.

All solutions must be sent to the Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C., not later than the first post on Friday, September 2

Competitors are requested to use the following formula in setting out the play of the hand:—

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1.	♦ K	♦ 4	♦ 8	♦ 2
2.	♢ A	♦ 7	♢ 9	♦ 3
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

A Book on Bridge

"BRIDGE TACTICS." By R. F. Foster. (Mudie and Sons: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Foster's "Bridge Tactics" is a useful treatise on the game, and though it is not so good as the books of either "Hellespont" or "Badsworth," it is shorter and quicker read. But it has a peculiar value in that it contains many careful comparisons between the English and the American laws of the game, and many sound disquisitions on the advantages of varying laws in the two codes, or of laws not yet included in the English code. After a short description of the game, he goes straight to the important matter of Playing to the Score, enjoining strict attention to it, not only in the declaration and doubling, but also during all the play. He is very much in accord with "Hellespont" as regards the declaration, doubling, leading, discarding, etc., but he adds very useful chapters on the Eleven Rule, Fourchettes and Tenaces, Underplay and Ducking, and False Cards. Also he gives the rules of Duplicate Bridge, Auction Bridge, and Progressive Bridge, variations of the game which will appeal to lovers of change. The book has an index of technical terms; but it lacks a synopsis of the Rules. "PROBLEMATICUS."

"The Bystander" Morocco Bridge Case, first prize in the above competition

THE QUEEN of

CRÈME DE MENTHE

PIPPERMINT

GET FRÈRES

A high-class tonic and digestive liqueur.

Sold in Quarts (Litres), 5 s., and Pints (1/2 litres), 3 s., by Wine Merchants and Stores.

Free Sample on application to

SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM AND BRITISH COLONIES

B. LAURIEZ, 6, Fenchurch Buildings, LONDON, E. C.

"The Bystander"

or 'The Man in the Street' will tell you that

"LUNTIN" Mixture

Is a tobacco that possesses all the virtues and none of the vices of pipe tobaccos. It smokes cool and dry, having a natural sweetness of flavour without being artificially sweetened.

Sold in 2 oz. packets, **1/-,** and ¼lb. tins **2/-.**

Sample packets, **7d.** (post free), from Sole Manufacturers,

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Edinburgh,

or FOYLE & SONS, 37, Hounsditch, London, E.C.

Send for Booklet "Why 'Luntin'?" It's Free.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

BUYERS of Fine ETCHINGS and ENGRAVINGS should apply to FROST and REED, Art Publishers, for their ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of 150 NOTABLE PICTURES. Postal Order or Stamps for 1s. must accompany the application to partially cover cost. This amount will be refunded if a purchase be made.

Address either to 8, Clare Street, Bristol; 47, Queen's Road, Clifton, Bristol; or, 47, Duke Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

The **Wolsey** Pure Wool Underwear.

A SUMMER HINT.

Ward off Chills by wearing next your body

The Wolsey PURE WOOL Underwear

For Men, Women, and Children, in various textures for all Climates.

SHRUNKEN GARMENTS REPLACED FREE.

Soft, Durable, Elastic. Avoid Imitations. Of all Drapers, Hosiers, &c. Write for booklet and name of nearest retailer (mentioning this paper) to

The Wolsey Underwear Co., Leicester.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY, LTD.

Subscription Library.

Accounts opened at any date for Three, Six and Twelve Months.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM TWO GUINEAS PER ANNUM.

N.B.—TWO or THREE FRIENDS may, by UNITING IN ONE SUBSCRIPTION, lessen the cost of obtaining Books, and reduce carriage expense.

Bookselling Department.

NEW BOOKS. SECOND-HAND BOOKS.

Baedeker's, Murray's and Black's Guide Books, Dictionaries in all European Languages. Maps and Guides for Cyclists. New Books at Discount Prices. Second-hand Library Books at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Standard Authors, including Dickens, Scott, Ruskin, Thackeray, Meredith, Browning, etc., in Handsome Leather Bindings.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

And at BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

Manufactured by the **DE NEVERS** Rubber Tyre Co.

PATENT

GROOVED SOLID TYRE

Is "THE REAL THING" in Tyres.

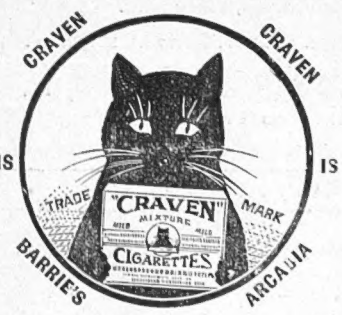
NO PUNCTURES.

NO SKIDDING.

COMFORT OF PNEUMATICS.

J. Liversidge & Son, Ltd., 196, Old Street, E.C., &c.

(Contractors to H.M. Government.)



THE CIGARETTE OF DISTINCTION

The NEW "CRAVEN." Price, 5s. per 100; 1s. per 20; 6d. per 10.

Postage Extra.

From all Tobacconists, or from the Sole Manufacturers,

CARRERAS LTD.,

West End Depot: 7, Wardour Street, W.

Factory & Offices: 4, 5, 6, 7 & 8, St. James's Place, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Channel Swim

While endurance and dogged persistence must count for much in such an enterprise as that undertaken by Messrs.

Swimmer equipped with Face Mask

Holbein, Greasley, and Haggerty, there are several other things which, although trifles in themselves, are indispensable to the swimmers. One of the most important of these is the face masks, worn to keep the sea water from the eyes and to serve as some protection from the rays of the sun. The mask is made of pure rubber, and is fastened at the back of the head with an elastic and clip, the edges being fixed down to the swimmer's face with prepared solution. These masks were supplied to all three swimmers by the well-known firm of Alfred Dunhill, Limited, 359-361, Euston Road, who are specialists in everything that pertains to motoring, the use of "Dunhill's Motorities" being recommended by all followers of the sport.

GUIDE BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

We have received the following Guide Books from the publishers, and can give them a warm recommendation to those anticipating a holiday in the places named. All are well supplied with good maps, contain suggestions for trips, with all the information, and just the kind that the tourist requires. Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. send:

"North Wales"; "Leamington and District"; "English Lake District"; "Bath." All One Shilling each.

Messrs. A. and C. Black send:

"Sherwood Forest and South Derbyshire," *6d.*; "Wales," *1s.*; "Bath, Bristol, etc.," *6d.*; "Derbyshire" (complete), *1s.*; "Holland and its Picture Galeries," *2s. 6d.*; "Normandy," *2s. 6d.*

BUDGET 1904 ALTERATIONS.

No Change in the Price of

MALCAJIK

Cigarettes.

As before, 7s. per 100, Large Size

In Boxes of 100, 50, 25.

Made of Tobacco from the manufacturer's own plantations at Malcajik in Asia Minor

Manufacturer: C. C. O. VAN LENNEP,

17 & 18, Great Pulteney Street, LONDON, W.

CHAS. LANCASTER,

Gunmaker by Warrants of Appointment to

HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR,
H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
&c., &c.,

Invites application for his Illustrated Gun and Rifle Catalogue and Special Cartridge Lists.

HIGH VELOCITY "CORDITE" RIFLES

·256, ·303, ·370, and ·450 Bore.

"ROSS" STRAIGHT-PULL MAGAZINE RIFLES.

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

Lee-Enfields, Mausers & Mannlicher Rifles

Single-Trigger Guns a Spécialité.

"THE ART OF SHOOTING." 2s. 6d. Sixth and Popular Edition. Postage, 6d. extra.

Gun Fitting and Coaching at Private Shooting Grounds near Willesden Junction, London, N.W.

Workshops: 11, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET, S.W.

151, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Estimates Free.

SEE PAGE X., AND THEN CUT OUT THIS COUPON

THE BYSTANDER Fortnightly Holiday Competitions

BRIDGE COUPON

To be sent in with Solution by FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Name of Competitor .....

Address .....

HAIG & HAIG,

DISTILLERS SINCE 1679.

The Three Best Brands.

O.K.

SPECIAL RESERVE

STAR ROYAL.

Guaranteed **PURE MALT** SCOTS WHISKY. Thoroughly Matured.

Of all Wine Merchants and Grocers.

Barton's Exterminator

. ENTIRELY .

DESTROYS RATS OR MICE.

278, High Holborn,
July 23, 1901.

Dear Sir,—When I sent for your Mouse Exterminator a month ago our kitchen and store rooms were becoming overrun with mice, although we have two cats, and have tried traps and phosphorus paste without much noticeable effect. Since using your preparation the place is almost clear of mice, and, though we have found the carcases of a few in drawers and cupboards, there is no smell whatever. It is a real "Exterminator," and I shall recommend it to anyone troubled with mice.—Yours truly,

A. GLENDINNING, Jun.

Rat Exterminator, 1s. per Box, Post Free.

Mouse Exterminator, 1s. per Box, Post Free.

Of all Chemists, or from the Manufacturer,
E. J. ORCHARD, Chemist, SALISBURY.

THE "GRAPHIC" Amateur Photographic Competition

The previous Photographic Competitions have met with such great success, and have attracted so much interest amongst amateur photographers, who sent in many thousand contributions, that the Proprietors of THE GRAPHIC have decided to hold another competition, and to offer the following prizes:

FIRST PRIZE	£20
SECOND ,, ...	£15
THIRD ,, ...	£10
FOURTH ,, ...	£5

The prize photographs will be published in THE GRAPHIC, together with any others which the judges think worthy of special mention. The fee of One Guinea will be paid for each photograph reproduced, with the exception of the prize photographs. At the last competition a large number of photographs were selected by the judges for publication and special mention, in addition to the prize photographs.

RULES.

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, which must be mounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowledgment will be made in THE GRAPHIC week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to November 1, 1904.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures, land or sea scapes, animals, architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the Manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of THE GRAPHIC Amateur Photographic Competition, THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

ASK YOUR **GROCER**
for **TO-DAY'S** LEADING LINES.

RED CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE
DRINK THE
WHITE
& **BLUE**

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST
& AFTER DINNER.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

ENGLAND'S BEST VALUE!
"BONGOLA" TEA
HAS NO EQUAL.

Perfect Flavour.
Selected from the Finest Fruit.
EXCELSIOR CANNED FRUITS.
Peaches,
Apricots,
Pears,
Greengages.

Excelsior Sardines
Double Crown
SALMON & LOBSTER.
in flat & tall tins,
packed from the finest selected Fish only,
& cannot be surpassed.

PEATMOOR
Old Scotch
WHISKY.
SOFT, MELLOW, DELIGHTFUL.
"CARRIES THE WILD ROUGH SCENT OF THE HIGHLAND BREEZE."

SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD BY
GROCERS, TEA AND COFFEE DEALERS, AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMEN.

Printed and Published by George Robert Parker at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—August 24, 1904.
Entered as second-class matter at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.